

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1872.

## The Week.

THE Philadelphia Convention did what everybody knew it would do in renominating General Grant, and did it with much elaborate "enthusiasm" on the first ballot. There was, however, a contest over the Vice-Presidency, the mind of the party not having been made up on that point, and Mr. Colfax having lost "his hold on the masses" by declaring he was going into business, and giving up political life, and afterwards letting it be understood that he was not sure that he was going into business after all, and that he did not know but that he might be induced to stay in political life a little longer. The platform is a most extraordinary production, on which we have commented elsewhere, and, if it was not for Greeley's presence in the field, would surely be visited with severe punishment. The basis of it, it is said, was furnished by Mr. G. W. Curtis and Dr. G. B. Loring, but afterwards Wendell Phillips, S. B. Cummings, and Henry Blackwell, husband of Lucy Stone, got a chance at it, and made it the wonderful thing that it is. Wendell Phillips and Cummings supplied the Labor Plank, and Mr. Blackwell the Woman Suffrage Plank. The dupes especially aimed at by the whole document are thirteen in number: 1. Man. 2. Colored man. 3. The Irishman. 4. The German man. 5. The Free-Trader. 6. The Protectionist. 7. The States-Rights man. 8. The Centralizer. 9. The Capitalist. 10. The Laborer. 11. The Moderate Drinker. 12. Woman. 13. The Opponent of Female Suffrage. 14. The Advocate of the Female Suffrage. The President has accepted the nomination in a modest and sensible letter, which was probably written by himself, but which contains nothing worthy of note except the confession that "past experience may guide him in avoiding mistakes inevitable with novices in all professions and occupations."

The nomination of Mr. Wilson at Philadelphia was one for which he has worked hard, and we do not know that many people will begrudge it to him. He has been, all things considered, better than the majority of our public men with whom he has so long been associated. Circumstances also worked for him at the very last, for no doubt the Natick cobbler was strengthened as a candidate by the labor movement in this city, by the candidacy of the woodchopper and practical printer of Chappaqua, and by Mr. Sumner's speech. A desire to rebuke Mr. Sumner and, at the same time, compliment Massachusetts and New England, was no doubt influential in securing a majority of the delegates. The only objections that we see urged against him are on the general ground that he is purely a politician, no statesman, and given to time-serving, and on the special ground that he ought to be odious to the Germans, as having been a leader among the Know-Nothings. The Germans, however, probably know that Mr. Wilson was a Know-Nothing for strictly personal reasons, and has not, and never had, any fiercer hatred of the foreign-born citizen than was requisite for a struggling young politician with his way to make in the world. Besides, the Know-Nothing escapade the Germans are intelligent to rate at its true value in the history of our parties, and, furthermore, the intelligent among them know that it is not so small a thing to be an American citizen that a slight apprenticeship may not be perfectly fair and perfectly desirable. The demagogues who, above all things, want voters, and the more ignorant and untaught the better, are much more concerned in mind about the American naturalization laws than either the native American or the respectable and honest foreigner. As to the general objection to Mr. Wilson on the score of statesmanship, the pity is that there are so few men of Mr.

Wilson's political standing who are not open to it. In our opinion, Mr. Wilson's name will be found to strengthen the ticket appreciably. It should be recollected in his favor that after twenty years of public life he is a poor man, and he has had very great opportunities to enrich himself had he not been a man of probity. Loftier professions than his have not seldom been accompanied by a practice inferior to his in honesty and honor. We can imagine, by the bye, with what sincere pleasure Dr. Loring seconded Mr. Wilson's nomination. We hope we shall have the pleasure of recording the Doctor's defeat when he and Mr. Butler and Mr. Dawes contend for that seat, or for any other which may be in the market next winter.

The effect of Mr. Sumner's speech has, there can be no doubt, been on the whole highly serviceable to Grant, which makes the circulation of it by the Greeleyites a mistake. They might better reprint a campaign edition of "that able historical work in two volumes," "*Il Nipotismo di Roma*," showing up the bad behavior of the fifteenth-century Popes. The speech has impressed the graver portion of the Republican party as too labored, heated, rancorous, and exaggerated a production to be of any value as an indictment, while the younger and more vivacious portion have laughed over it till their sides ache. We think it even did much to arouse and stimulate a certain amount of enthusiasm for Grant at Philadelphia. One thing more; to quote, for the purpose of damaging a living man's character, the words of a dead man, uttered to yourself alone, and of which you can offer no proof but your own report, is an offence against good morals as well as against sound rules of evidence. It is an act which ought to be execrable, and would be execrable if it ever seriously injured anybody. In this case it has been singularly harmless, because Stanton's speeches tend to upset Mr. Sumner's statements, and because, although people think highly of Stanton as an administrator, and as a devoted Union man during the war, nobody, or next to nobody, attaches any importance to his judgments on men, for all who had ever any dealings with him know that a more passionate, prejudiced, and, when prejudiced, unscrupulous person in his dealings with others, does not exist. Justice was a quality of which he had hardly a conception; perhaps he was, for that reason, all the better Secretary of War; but do not let us have him called up from his grave as the final judge of anybody's fitness for a great office. One of the curious accompaniments of this incident has been the flutter into which it has thrown the Grant politicians. They have heard the President charged with various serious offences, and seen the charges supported by plain proof, without showing the slightest concern, but, when Mr. Sumner's ridiculous story of the death-bed scene was produced, they flooded the press with contradictions and explanations.

The meeting of dissatisfied revenue reformers at Steinway Hall, the week before last, which resulted in the appointment of a committee of ten to take into consideration the best mode of retrieving the mistakes of the Cincinnati Convention, will probably lead to a conference, about the 20th of June, of leading men of all the elements of opposition to the present Administration. What will come of it, of course, it is impossible to say. Whether anything will come will probably depend a good deal on the indications of the drift of public sentiment during the coming ten days. In these there is, as far as our observation goes, only one change to report, but that is a somewhat important one. There are some decided signs of a reaction against Greeley in some parts of the South, such as Tennessee and Virginia, which may grow rapidly, and may, if stimulated by another nomination at the North, enable the Democratic leaders, who are all at heart opposed to Greeley, to stem the tide at Baltimore. The New York chiefs, such as Belmont and Tilden, who are the most

cast down and most disposed to accept the Sage, have been so long accustomed to rely on the Irish vote that its adhesion to Greeley seems to them conclusive. Mr. Belmont has published or permitted to be published, during the week, a letter deploring and "deprecating Greeley," as the reporters say, but accepting him as an inevitable necessity. Mr. Tilden is reported to be in the same frame of mind, and even the redoubtable and valiant Voorhees is said to be greatly prostrated by the result of his speech in Indiana. But there is at the North no visible accession to the Greeley ranks of any men of weight and prominence of any party, on the distinct ground that they consider him, on his own merits, a desirable man for the Presidency; and there is no doubt that the canvass is seriously damaging him in the eyes of the silent mass who do not write to the papers or send telegrams. His "record" is positively horrible, and no man of mark as yet seems willing to go on the stump and defend or explain it. The Springfield *Republican*, which is very friendly to Greeley, acknowledges that he could not explain it himself.

The Senate, the Administration Ring in which was determined to secure some kind of "force" legislation before adjournment, proceeded on Saturday to violate one of its own plain rules, which forbids the amendment of any appropriation bill by any provision not directly relating to the subject of the bill, by attaching a rider to the Sundry Civil Service Appropriation Bill, making the Federal elective law, which is now only applicable to cities of over twenty thousand inhabitants, applicable to all parts of the country on the request of ten respectable inhabitants of the locality. Mr. Anthony, who was in the chair, ruled that this was no violation of the rules, just as the majority of the Robeson Committee declared that the construction of the wording of the act, which was plain as the sun at noon, was something on which lawyers might differ. The result was that the opposition were placed in the position of having either to submit to the rider, or defeat the Appropriation Bill, and they accordingly "filibustered" for hours until a compromise was effected, which sent the bill to the House. Nothing more high-handed has yet been attempted by the majority in either House, and its occurrence so soon after General Grant's nomination by acclamation is not a favorable indication.

The amendment which has created all this uproar was at last passed by both Houses, but is likely to prove in practice of such very trifling value either to the Administration or anybody else, that it is a little difficult to understand the intense and reckless eagerness with which the majority have pushed it. It simply provides that on the demand of ten citizens of good standing, in any parish, county, or Congressional district, prior to any registration of voters, or election of members of Congress, the judge of the United States Circuit Court shall appoint two supervisors of election, who are to receive no pay except in cities of over twenty thousand inhabitants, whose business it shall be to be present at the voting and counting, but who shall have no powers of challenge or arrest. The restriction of their function to simple observation constitutes the concession of the majority which finally secured the passage of the amendment. The proceedings attendant on the attempt of the majority to force it on the House were so outrageous, that Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, himself an ardent Republican, if there be one in the country, rose in his place and denounced them as "conduct such as he had more than a score of times sentenced men to solitary confinement and penal servitude for" when he was on the bench.

The new Tariff Bill reduces the taxes about \$54,000,000, enormously increases the free list, and does not renew the income tax. Among the more important reductions are—bituminous coal from \$1 25 to 75 cents per ton; salt in bulk, from 18 cents to 8 cents per 100 lbs., and in sacks and barrels, 24 cents to 12 cents; leather of

various kinds is reduced on an average from 30 cents to 22. Lumber comes in largely free. Among the articles on which ten per cent. reduction is made are cotton, woollen, and hair goods, on iron and steel, and manufactures of them except cotton machinery; paper and glass and glassware. On the free list are, first, books which have been printed more than twenty years before the date of importation; books, maps, and charts imported not more than two in any one invoice, for literary or scientific societies or colleges; the libraries of professional men arriving here, and the books of persons and families from foreign countries which have been in use one year before being brought here. Shipbuilding materials are admitted duty free also for ships to be engaged in the foreign trade and not to be employed in the coasting trade more than two months in any one year. The stamps are reduced to one, that on checks, and the collection districts are reduced to sixty in number, sending about 280 collectors and assessors adrift, and "informers" are no longer to have their "moiety."

The eight-hour movement in this city culminated in a procession on Monday which was to have consisted of 35,000 men and to have seriously menaced the public peace, and the whole police force was turned out to keep order. The procession actually consisted of 4,000 men or thereabouts, very orderly, peaceable, respectable, and indeed somewhat sheepish-looking also, and a slight touch of the ridiculous was lent to it by the appearance in it of a delegation from the "International," carrying a red flag, on which was the dread inscription, "Eight Hours' Labor—peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." The fact is that the three most important bodies concerned in the strike, the piano-makers, cabinet-makers, and sewing-machine makers, are just beginning their dull season, during which in ordinary times employers keep their works going merely to keep their hands together. It suits them therefore well enough to have their men go off of their own accord and live for a month or two on their own savings. Moreover, as regards the piano-makers, those of New York *cannot* add twenty per cent. to their prices without totally losing their business. With the great houses, therefore, like Steinway, the eight-hour question is one of simple calculation; they cannot give way to it, and, if it be insisted on, will have to transfer their capital to some other place or some other field of industry. The men who really have the employers at their mercy are the masons, bricklayers, and house-carpenters. This is their busy season, and the bosses are mostly working under contracts. But the whole affair is a valuable illustration of the shortsightedness of the workmen, of the extent to which they live from day to day, and rely for bettering their condition on extorting something from somebody.

The foreign news of the week is of trifling moment. In England, the main preoccupation is still the Treaty, which at this writing is again "in danger," owing to Earl Granville's proposal that the arbitration be adjourned for eight months, to enable everybody to get his mind clear as to the meaning of the Supplemental Article. The Ballot Bill has passed to a second reading in the House of Lords, which ensures its success, but, though months of discussion have been expended on it, it does not satisfy the Liberals, inasmuch as it does not provide what is in England the great object of the ballot, perfect secrecy. It makes it an offence punishable with six months' imprisonment to ask anybody how he voted, or try to find out how he voted, but it does not prohibit the voter from showing his ticket if he pleases, which, in the opinion of the *Economist*, will go far to make it nugatory. But it is very doubtful whether secrecy of this kind could be secured without a change in human nature, and yet without it, says that paper, there will be "intimidation" as of old.

The Treaty negotiations entered on a new phase towards the end of last week. The fears that were expressed in the House of Lords that the American disavowals of the indirect claims were not



explicit enough drew from Mr. Schenck, by authorization from Washington, a letter which expressly declared that, in consideration of the agreement of the British Government to bind itself never to make indirect claims under similar circumstances, they were completely and for ever abandoned. This seems to have satisfied even Earl Russell, who looks on the whole Treaty as a condemnation of himself, a betrayal of British interests and honor, and who had moved an address to the Crown asking for withdrawal from the arbitration. On hearing Mr. Schenck's letter, he proposed that the motion be dropped, and at this writing it looks as if things were taking a favorable turn, but we are not rash enough to predict anything about the matter. The last proposal of Earl Granville is that the meeting of the Board of Arbitrators shall be postponed for eight months, to afford time for still further consideration. The ministry have evidently grown terribly cautious.

In the meantime, Mr. Bancroft Davis's troubles have been increased by the appearance of two reports in England, made by direction of the Government, on the direct claims. One is by a committee appointed by the Board of Trade on the losses caused to American shipping, and the other by a committee appointed by the Board of Admiralty on the expenses incurred by our Navy Department in pursuing the cruisers. The report of the first declares that Mr. Davis has made "double claims for single losses" in the case of vessels to the amount of \$1,000,000, and in the case of freights to a very considerable amount; in the case of reinsurances to the amount of \$217,865. The claims for prospective earnings and freight, which he has put in to the amount of \$5,000,000, it pronounces "illusory and inadmissible," and finds that the sum total of \$17,763,910 ought to be cut down to \$8,039,685. The Admiralty report is made by Admirals Milne and Dunlop, and Admiral Richards, the hydrographer to the Admiralty, and finds that the only expenses chargeable are those incurred in actual pursuit; that much of what is claimed they cannot understand; and that even if Great Britain is held liable, under this head, for the four Confederate cruisers, they do not see how she can be called on to pay more than \$1,509,300, instead of \$7,080,478. Of course all this has to pass the arbitrators, but it proves that there is a chance for a vigorous fight over the items. And, in the interest of peace, it is sincerely to be hoped that the arbitrators, if they ever arbitrate, will award a gross sum.

There has been another "international boat race," in which a crew of Americans has gone over to England, to row in a strange climate, on a foreign river, under a million foreign and hostile eyes, against competitors of whose powers as compared to their own they apparently knew little or nothing, and the result is, they were beaten with ease. We do not believe matches of this sort serve any good purpose. They illustrate nothing American but the national want of caution, and they produce enough chagrin to make them anything but promoters of international good-will. The best thing for all American athletes who want to try conclusions with Englishmen to do now, is to wait until they can have the trial of strength in their own country, under conditions as favorable to them as those under which the two last boat-races that have taken place were to the English. It seems a pity that there should not be somebody among the trainers on both sides whose powers of observation and comparison would enable him to tell a crew whether it had any chance of winning before it crossed the water. The *Atalanta* crew, we are now told, are all small, light men, while the English crew were heavy and powerful men; but this fact was surely ascertainable months ago; and everybody has always known that the size of muscles and the capacity of the lungs have much to do with strength, and that the muscles of the loins and back and the width of the chest have everything to do with rowing. It has surely not begun to be the fashion in sporting circles as yet to get up "mills" between "light-weights" and "heavy weights."

The Roumanian Jews are again exciting the sympathy of the world by the odious persecutions to which they are subjected, and Earl Granville proposes pressure in their favor on the Roumanian Government by a conference, in which all the Great Powers should take part. Russia declines, and Prussia concurs with her, on the ground that a conference might bring up the whole Eastern question, and thus create new complications, but proposes a joint note to the Roumanian Government. When news of a similar character reached this country two years ago, we adopted the sage plan of despatching a Jew as American consul to Bucharest. This piece of folly will not be repeated; but why should we not join in the note? There is much reason to fear that after everything has been done that can be done, the Jews will continue to suffer, until the Principalities have made greater advances in material civilization. At present and for ages past, the Jews have absolutely monopolized all the trade, commerce, and banking of the country, and they consequently occupy the position they occupied all over Europe during the Middle Ages of everybody's creditors and extortioners. Until the natives begin to share with them the burdens, responsibilities, and odium of trade and banking, they will only get very imperfect relief. The law cannot protect men from universal hate, even where it is better administered than there is the least chance of its being in Wallachia and Moldavia.

M. Thiers has achieved another victory over the Assembly on the Army Bill, by resisting the proposal to make military service compulsory for three or four years in the regular army, instead of five. On this point the Assembly, which is strongly in favor of the modern or Prussian system, has given way under a threat of resignation. This is another illustration of the mischief done by M. Thiers's great age and attachment to old ideas. There is no division of sentiment among the younger military men and politicians in France as to the propriety of putting the whole male population through the army for a short term, as the best plan both for industrial and military interests, but M. Thiers refuses to believe in any system with which he was not himself familiar in early life.

The Lower House of the Italian Parliament has passed an act abolishing the theological faculties of the state universities, and the government has given notice of its intention to sustain the measure in the Senate. There were several well-grounded objections to this policy on the part of deputies who cannot be suspected of clericalism. They contended, in the first place, that the proposed change, if advisable in any case, ought to be deferred till an attempt could be made to reorganize the whole system of public instruction. The reform, if it was a reform, would be more effective as part of a general scheme than as a solitary amendment. In the next place, it was questioned if the proper idea of a university permitted the exclusion of one of the foremost branches of human knowledge and enquiry; at least, whether Italy should be the first European country to wrest religion from the circle of the sciences. Finally, there was the practical consideration, peculiar to the new kingdom, whether, in face of a church hostile to the state and on the watch for weak points to assail and neglected positions to occupy, it was prudent to take away the support of the state from the nurseries of resistance to priestcraft—the schools of such Protestants as Döllinger, and of a national religion in opposition to the supremacy of the Vatican. Of these three arguments, the first seems to be the most defensible, and it was sufficiently strong, when brought up on a subordinate issue (as to the so-called "spiritual directors"), to give occasion to the retirement of Correnti, the Minister of Public Instruction. The reply to the second would be that whenever theology is pursued as chemistry and anatomy and geology are pursued, its professors may without scruple be maintained at the cost of a state which wishes to be divorced from the church; and it is pretty certain that the Infallibilists would rather contest the field with men like Döllinger and his disciples, than with the products of such a training as Huxley and Darwin would pronounce scientific.

## GRANT, GREELEY, AND ADAMS.

GENERAL GRANT has now been nominated, as everybody knew he would be, after his supporters and the country at large had had a month to think over Greeley's nomination. One of Greeley's ablest, most prominent, influential, and valuable supporters, Mr. Samuel Bowles, who managed after the Cincinnati Convention to work himself into a state of placid and even joyous acquiescence in the result, and was somewhat shocked at the *Nation's* unwillingness to hail the Sage of Chappaqua as the harbinger of a "beneficent revolution" in American politics, has been at Philadelphia, has seen and heard what happened, has thought over it, and promulgated his conclusions in this fashion in the *Springfield Republican*:

"Now that his renomination is an accomplished fact, Gen. Grant is doubtless scanning the political heavens with increased interest, and he finds them undeniably propitious to his candidacy. To begin with, it has the prestige of regularity. His friends claim to be the only orthodox Republicans in the country, and they are in possession of the party premises and furniture. This counts for a good deal more than some persons seem to think. 'That strange power, a name,' is still potent, even with the most intelligent of us. Old Republicans shrink back from the thought of leaving the party for which they have labored and of which they have been so proud. General Grant has also the prestige of great military services. The passions excited by the war are subsiding, but they are still capable of being utilized for the purposes of his canvass. Judging from present appearances, the great bulk of the negro vote will be thrown for him. He can count upon the active support of the huge railroad corporations and the other monopolies—an element which is playing a more important part in our politics at present than many suspect. Finally, he has on his side that natural and powerful instinct in the nature of the capitalist and the tradesman which deprecates change and clings to the existing status. Money-bags are always and everywhere conservative. When you have proved to the busy wealth-seekers that the President has shown an indecent fondness for gifts, that he has appointed rascally or incapable kinsmen to office, that he has cracked, if not broken, the laws, what have you accomplished by your demonstration? They will reply to you: 'General Grant is a safe man. The country has prospered and its credit improved under his administration. We know him, and know that he can be trusted not to smash things. It would be folly in us to take the risks of a change. Let well enough alone.' This *laissez-faire* party is one of the oldest in the world, and it always has full ranks. It stood for twenty years between Louis Napoleon and his enemies, the French Republicans. The *vis inertiae* plays at least as large a rôle in politics as in physics. It is a force which no politician who understands his business will underrate. Supplemented by the other forces we have mentioned, it may very well put General Grant at the head of the poll next November.

"It is true that there are powerful forces at work against his candidacy. The personal aversion which he has inspired in some of our oldest and strongest Republicans; the dissatisfaction—often shading into disgust—with many of his official performances; the instinct of progress, demanding something higher and better in administration than he has given us; the instinct of national unity, demanding the final burial of war issues and disuse of war methods—all these are against him. If the opposition were united and manageable, they would defeat him. If Mr. Adams had been nominated at Cincinnati, the outlook to-day would have been very different. A larger or smaller portion of the Irish vote would have gone over to Grant. Some few native-born Democrats of the Chicago *Times* school might have kept the Irishmen company. But the loss would have been insignificant by the side of the gain. Such a candidacy would have appealed to the best instincts and the most critical judgments of our people, Democrats and Republicans alike. Here at the North it would have grown stronger and more irresistible with every month of the canvass, while if it had failed to excite so much personal enthusiasm at the South, it would have commanded in the end a no less hearty support."

Now, this is perfectly true. The only exception that can be taken to it is that it is not new. All the originators of the Cincinnati movement knew it just as well on the first of last May as they know it now; and being true, the inference from it, that Mr. Greeley's nomination was an atrocious blunder, only to be surpassed by the other blunder of supporting him after his nomination, is irresistible.

If we stop "swinging our hats" for a moment, and consider the situation as it appeared last spring, the full depth of the absurdity into which some of the Liberal Republicans have plunged themselves will be apparent enough. In the first place, numerous as were the causes of dissatisfaction with Grant, this dissatisfaction was never strong enough with the mass of the people to make any change acceptable. The cry, "Anything to beat Grant," was therefore from the first a ridiculous cry. The person selected to beat Grant would, it was plain to be seen, have to be somebody whom the sober, sensible people who compose the mass of the nation would acknowledge to be, on the whole, better than Grant, if he were in Grant's place. The opposition would then have had nothing to contend

against but that constitutional dislike of change which Mr. Bowles well describes, and which is one of the most valuable traits in the political character of the American people. To form an adequate idea of what kind of person he should be who would plainly commend himself as Grant's superior, supposing him to be in Grant's place, we have to consider of what elements the opposition to Grant was made up. We shall not attempt to assign them their relative importance, we shall simply enumerate them; and we shall confine our enumeration to the Republican party. The objections to him personally were that, while attempting to reform the civil service, with the help of a hostile or indifferent Congress, he kept in office worthless men, some of them his own relatives, whom he might have removed in his discretion; that he displayed in his conduct of affairs very great ignorance of the nature and objects of civil government; that he showed in his messages gross ignorance of economical questions; that he was over-greedy about money and over-eager to take presents; that he broke or disregarded the law on various occasions; that he "lobbied" for the promotion of his pet schemes; that he used the Federal patronage to interfere in local elections and promote his own renomination; and, finally, that he kept company with men whom the common people did not consider proper associates for their chief magistrate.

Now, whether these objections were well founded or not, they influenced a great many minds, and they were the minds of men who, though they make no great show at conventions, have through the long months of the canvass a powerful influence on public opinion. The objections to General Grant as the representative of the Republican party, or rather as the favorite of the managing rings of the Republican party, we need hardly go over; everybody is familiar with them. They may be said to be included in the great and growing objection to the prolongation of the military rule at the South; to the exclusion of the intelligence and property of the South from participation in its government; and to the generally centralizing and corrupting tendencies of the last ten years.

Who was and is the man, and the only man, whom this heterogeneous mass of discontent could unite on as its candidate, and who could, at the same time, be relied on to inspire such confidence as to overcome the *vis inertiae* of a prosperous and cautious community? Why, Charles Francis Adams, of course. Everybody thought so; most persons said so. Mr. Adams has had the experience of a lifetime in civil affairs; he understands this government, and all government, if any man understands them; he has a character on which no breath of suspicion or stain has ever fallen; his tastes and habits are those of a gentleman; his associates are and would be those Americans of whom the United States is most proud, and whom all other nations most delight to honor. These are his personal qualifications. His political qualifications are equally strong. He is an original Free-soiler, and has never been anything else; although a Republican from the very beginning, he has never worn party harness. He has never either "dickered," or "combined," or "compromised," or "bargained." No politicians have any "claims" on him of any sort whatever; he is absolutely free from the degrading alliances, and entanglements, and traditions which have ruined so many Presidents; and his character and temperament are a sufficient guarantee that he would never contract any. Moreover, he is not in any way responsible for whatever is objectionable in the legislation of the last ten years. He was out of the country during seven of those ten years, and engaged on foreign soil in that same defence of the national unity and national honor which General Grant was carrying on at home. Of the nature of that defence—of its vigor, brilliancy, learning, and success, we do not need to speak; it is one of the great chapters in American history. In short, if a man had been created expressly to concentrate and lead the opposition to Grant, he would have had to be a man like Adams.

Mr. Adams, it is true, would in all probability have had to be elected, if elected, by the help of the Democrats; but the Democrats would, in his following, have been relegated to a secondary position. He would have drawn to his support at once a large and respect-



able and influential body of the Republican party. Surrounded by them, he would have entered on his canvass and his administration. The chairman of his committee in this State would not have been General John Cochrane, nor his chief fagman Mr. Theodore Tilton, nor the first vice-president at his ratification meeting the notorious Ben Wood. Moreover, his appearance would have been hailed all over the country as the sign of a real revolution in politics, and would for that reason have excited real enthusiasm in thousands of breasts in which enthusiasm burns deep and long. Last of all, he would not have alarmed the capitalists and business men as Greeley does; he would have carried them with him, almost to a man. His very name would have been a guarantee of stability, order, and economy in the administration of the government, which is what the financial world above all things desires. Greeley, on the other hand, associates with even more rascally politicians, and has more of the habits and training of a politician himself, than Grant; he has warmly supported, except the San Domingo scheme, every objectionable feature in the legislation of the last seven years. He is neither revenue reformer, civil-service reformer, nor any other kind of reformer that people now care about; and, as to uncertainty, the very wind has, since the establishment of the Weather Bureau, become more reliable than he. The result is, and the history of the last month shows it, he has not only not drawn to himself any of the *reputable* discontent of the Republican party, but he has driven it back into the ranks repentant and humiliated. He stands surrounded, as far as the Republican North is concerned, in the main by "sore-heads" and blatherskites. His great and indeed only reliance is the Democrats of the North and South, but especially of the South, and he therefore presents himself to the Republican party as simply the visible sign of a renewed attempt on the part of the old Copperheads and rebels to get possession of the government. No wonder there was a revival of the old military enthusiasm at Philadelphia, that the picture of "the man on horseback" was let down from the ceiling, and worshipped, with old camp cheers, and that the old songs of the war were heard again, giving vent to passions which every patriotic man must wish from his heart were for ever extinguished. What is offered us to cover up this catastrophe? Why, the deliverance of the people from the tyranny of the Electoral College on the tariff question!

What are honest men to do now? Well, if there is nothing else offered, if the Democratic Convention commits the absurdity of raising "the old white hat" as its standard at Baltimore, the only thing for Republicans of our way of thinking to do is to choose the less of two evils, and vote for General Grant. We expect no improvement in the Administration from him; we do not look at his hands for the removal of any of the existing abuses; we know of no answer to any of the weighty and reasonable objections made to his Administration; but we do know, as near as may be, what he will do; we know, at least, the worst he will do. The probabilities are that, the temptations connected with renomination over, he will on many points change for the better. Moreover—and this is the most important point of all—if he is re-elected, there will be no general redistribution of offices and no financial disturbance. What Greeley will do, and what the motley crew whom he would lead to Washington would do, nobody knows.

#### A MODEL PLATFORM.

WE believe the members of the committees on resolutions at nominating conventions generally transact their business with a fair show of gravity, but those of them who are endowed with any sense of humor must find it very difficult "to keep their faces straight," to use the popular phrase. The meetings ought to be scenes of boisterous mirth. The ostensible business of one of these committees is, and originally its real business was, to put into words the deliberate convictions of the convention on the principal political questions of the day. At present, this is probably the last thing it thinks of. What it occupies itself with is not what the convention thinks, but how much the convention will have to say in

order to secure votes, or avoid losing any. There is no longer the shadow of a pretence that the majority of the convention believes in the platform, and there could hardly be a more striking illustration of the extent to which nominating conventions have been converted into machines, with no more mind or morals than force-pumps, than the bits of unreasoning declamation which they lay before the world as "declarations of principles." We make bold to affirm that in a resolution on any delicate question, it is to the committee a fatal defect that even one member sees, or thinks he sees, that it has a definite and distinct meaning, and is capable of only one meaning. Two meanings are the very least which a good plank must now have; and a man who is capable of drawing a plank with three or four meanings, or no meaning at all, may fairly count on a foreign mission, and look forward to the Senate.

Take, as an illustration, the handiwork of our "enthusiastic" friends at Philadelphia the other day. The first resolution in the platform is designed to meet the views of those who are opposed to the Ku-klux Act, so the use of that act is spoken of as "decreasing with a firm hand the resultant disorders of a great war"; and it is affirmed, in order still further to soften this phrase, that "peace and plenty prevail throughout the land." It must be remembered, in order to appreciate this resolution thoroughly, that hundreds of those who voted for it, and some of those who passed it, have within the last week been eagerly advocating the re-enactment of the most offensive part of the Ku-klux Act, on the ground that a state of war still prevails at the South. To get at the whole mind of the committee on the subject, however, we have to go down to the other end of the platform—to Plank No. 12—where, as it would not do to be both pro-Ku-klux Act and anti-Ku-klux Act in the same resolution, we are informed, for the pacification of those who like this sort of legislation, "that Congress and the President fulfilled their imperative duty in their measures for the suppression of violent and treasonable organizations in several lately rebellious regions and for the protection of the ballot-box." This separation of the two planks by a wide interval is only resorted to when the contradiction between them is too plain to admit of their being embodied in one, and when the nature of the subject is such as to make the use of cloudy phraseology inexpedient.

Plank No. 7 is, however, a masterpiece, which we recommend to all young politicians as a model. This deals with the vexed and dangerous question of the tariff, which the Cincinnati Convention got over by frankly saying it could not agree about it, and that the people might do as they pleased about it at the election of members of Congress. Our Philadelphia brethren, however, were too ambitious and too 'cute to pass it by in this way, so they drew what we may call a double-action plank, the composition of which must have caused much merriment in the committee. Our readers doubtless all know that if we asked Horace Greeley or Henry C. Carey how the tariff should be adjusted, he would reply, in the very words of the resolution, that "it should be so adjusted as to aid in securing remunerative wages to labor and promote the industries, growth, and prosperity of the whole country." If we asked Mr. Wells or Mr. Atkinson, he would reply in exactly the same terms; so that the plank, as far as words go, would suit protectionists and free-traders equally well. But if you asked Mr. Greeley or Mr. Carey how, under this plank, a tariff should be drawn, he would tell you a heavy duty should be put on all articles capable of being produced in this country; whereas, if you asked Mr. Wells or Mr. Atkinson, he would tell you duties should only be imposed on a few articles, either pure luxuries or incapable of being produced in this country; so that the committee has judiciously drawn a plank which suits equally well men of diametrically opposite opinions. The joyous wagging of Satan's tail must have been distinctly audible in the committee-room when the final touches were put to this choice production of his favorite art.

The relation of labor and capital is also a delicate subject, and on this the committee has furnished a specimen of its powers which, though differing in kind from the Tariff Plank, is of an equally high

order of excellence. The Tariff Plank is a fine specimen, as we have pointed out, of a plank with two meanings. The Labor and Capital Plank is an equally fine specimen of a plank without any meaning at all. When you say to a capitalist that you "are in favor of so shaping legislation as to secure full protection and the amplest field for capital," he can make no better reply than shake hands with you and tell you he is much obliged to you. He sees you are a good fellow and mean well, but what you are going to do by way of favoring capital, he has no idea whatever. In like manner, when you tell the laborer that he is "the creator of capital," and that you mean to give him "the largest opportunities and a just share of the mutual profits" ["common" profits the committee no doubt meant to say] of these two great servants of civilization," he can in reply only give you three cheers. What are "the largest opportunities and the just share of mutual profits of a servant of civilization" he does not know, any more than his innocent babe; and the worst of it is, the committee did not know themselves, and never meant that anybody else should find out if they could help it. They meant to construct a funny jingle of words, which would get them or prevent them from losing the votes of the simple-minded; the jingle they have made; whether it will answer their purpose remains to be seen.

The Woman Plank is also worthy of attentive consideration. The object is to bid against the Democrats for the support of the active female politicians of the day, and, at the same time, avoid alarming the opponents of female suffrage. So the plank does not say that the Convention is in favor of female suffrage; far from it. It says that "the Republican party is grateful to the loyal women of the North," and "that the honest demands of any class of citizens for additional rights should be treated with respectful consideration." In this way a hint is given that suffrage is coming to Woman, if she presses for it, though nothing whatever is pledged or promised, by means of a proposition as barren and as flat as a statement that every citizen is entitled to the quiet, undisturbed reading of his own newspaper, subject to the Constitution of the United States. Plank No. 16 is also admirably drawn, and surpasses them all in meaninglessness. The object of it is to catch the German vote, by leading the Germans to believe that the Republican party is opposed to temperance and Sunday legislation. So the resolution does not say that it is opposed to such legislation; far from it. It propounds the theory, of which nobody has ever heard before, that there are certain rights "not surrendered by the people to either the State or National Government," and alleges that "the Republican party disapproves of the resort to unconstitutional laws for the purpose of removing evils by interference with these rights." What these "rights" are the committee are careful not to mention, and it is therefore as safe to disapprove of "unconstitutional laws for the purpose of interfering with them" as to allege that the Republican party is firmly opposed to all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, and likewise to infanticide.

The laughter with which the resolution with regard to the "encouragement of American commerce and shipbuilding" will be read will ring from the glades of Chappaqua along the shores of the Sound, *via* Norwich, to Boston, the protectionist Sage transmitting it to Mr. Wells and Mr. Atkinson. The committee recommend "the adoption of measures that will tend to encourage the American commerce and shipbuilding." This has at least six meanings, and therefore is a worthy termination to as remarkable a piece of jugglery as we have seen for a long time. We do not criticise this platform in the interest of any party or candidate; but we call the earnest and patriotic attention of the honest men and women of all parties to it, as an illustration of the mode in which the machinery of conventions is used in governing them.

#### LABOR AND POLITICS.

THE strike in New York has assumed sufficiently formidable dimensions, and is creating sufficient interference with industry, and is making the future of industry in this city sufficiently uncertain, to warrant the belief that it will seriously influence the plans

of manufacturers, and to raise the hope that it will attract more of the attention of voters than has hitherto been bestowed upon it, to the politicians' way of dealing with the labor question. The small success the "Labor Reform" party has hitherto achieved in the political field has been mainly due to the fact that they either don't know, or are unable to state clearly, what it is they want. All the Labor Reform platforms which have thus far been put forward have had only one well-defined remedy to propose for the various ills which afflict the working-classes, and that is the issue of plenty of money by the Government to all needy men. This is, of course, on the face so ridiculous a demand that it attracts little or no attention; and, as a separate political organization, the reformers make poor progress. But they are not by any means so unsuccessful in working within the party lines, and especially within the Republican party as the party in power, and that which is the more distinctively philanthropic in its composition and aims. All the party platforms now contain a "labor plank," which, it is true, affirms nothing that anybody can understand, and promises nothing that anybody can take hold of, but it nevertheless keeps alive the idea in the minds of workmen that there is something which the Government leaves undone which would, if tried, greatly improve the laborer's condition. Now, if this thing were described—if, instead of declaring, to use the unmeaning fustian of the Philadelphia platform, that "the servant of civilization" should have "his just share of mutual profits," the party politicians would say in distinct language what the workingman's share of profits was, and in what manner it could be secured for him by legislation, those friends of the workingman who believe in the possibility and propriety of enlightening him by discussion would have a tangible proposition to meet, and a fair opportunity of stating, with a chance of being listened to, their view of the relations of labor and capital. As matters stand, the whole question is enveloped in a cloud which honest men cannot dissipate, and which affords the labor-reform agitators just the kind of material they need to sow discord between class and class, and keep the industry of the country in a state of permanent derangement, by exciting wild and unreasoning expectations.

The politicians have, however, at Washington done something, in which the present Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, Mr. Wilson, was the chief mover, to throw some light on their views with regard to the laborer's rights, though it is that kind of light which only makes the darkness visible. They got a bill passed a year ago, directing that eight hours should be regarded in all Government workshops and arsenals as a legal day's labor, and for this they compelled the Government to pay as much as other employers only paid for ten hours' labor, or, in other words, twenty per cent. more than the market rate.

Now the effect of this on the less intelligent portion of the working-class mind has been to create the belief that the theory that there is such a thing as a market rate of wages is a mere invention of the capitalists; that the proper rate of wages is what will provide a man and his family with "a comfortable subsistence," and that this rate, be it much or be it little, all employers ought to pay and be made to pay; that the government does it as an act of simple justice, and that individuals ought to follow its example, or, in other words, that the reward of labor is something wholly regulated by an abstract rule of right, and in no way dependent on the laws of the physical universe—that is, on the cost of material and transportation or on demand and supply. This idea has, as might be expected, obtained a firmer foothold in this city than elsewhere, owing to the great concentration of foreign mechanics and the strong infiltration among them of decidedly socialistic ideas, and the thorough baseness and corruption of the city and State Government. It is the experience of all the departments of the city government which have to employ labor, that both the workmen and their political patrons hold and firmly maintain the belief that the rate of wages ought to be what a workingman needs to make him "comfortable," let his habits and the size of his family or his views of "comfort" be what they may; and we venture to assert



that in all of these departments either more than the market rate of wages is paid, or the market rate is paid to more laborers than are needed; and that all do acquiesce in the doctrine boldly preached by politicians, that it is the duty of the city and State—that is, of the taxpayers—to provide poor men with regular work and high pay. This, disguise it as we may, is communism, doubtless imperfectly developed and unorganized, but still communism, and it is at the bottom of the movement which is now forcing the eight-hour system on both the capitalists and the soberer and more peaceable and industrious workmen—a movement the character of which is illustrated by the fact that the men employed by the Messrs. Brewster, who have for some time shared the profits of the firm, and those of a great pattern-maker in Long Island, who have always been paid by the hour and left to work as many hours as they please, have been bullied into joining it.

Now, we do not, as we have often said, believe that anything can be done thoroughly to enlighten the workingmen as to the conditions under which production can be carried on, except by making them producers themselves—that is, capitalists as well as laborers—by co-operation. We doubt greatly the value for this purpose of books and lectures expounding economical theories, because the average workingman is neither much of a reader nor much of a thinker, and is not likely ever to be gifted with the amount of trained imagination necessary to work out an economical problem to its remote results. If he had himself to find out a market for the pianos he makes, he would in one month acquire more economical wisdom than he can get in a year from the explanations of the Messrs. Steinway and Haines; for, it must be remembered, he distrusts the teachings of all employers, and he believes that authors and lecturers all belong to or sympathize with the employing class. But in the meantime the intelligent people of the United States can put a stop to the mischievous tricks of politicians about the labor problem. They can either make them cease talking about it, or make them say something which rational men can either concur in or contradict. It can and ought to be made dangerous and impolitic for the most ardent blatherskite to be guilty, with a grave face, of such an attempt to darken counsel on one of the most serious problems of the day as that which we have just witnessed in Philadelphia.

#### THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

PHILADELPHIA, June 7, 1872.

WHOEVER yesterday, or the day before, looked for a "stately and brilliant parliament" in this city, such as met in Cincinnati last month, unless the *Tribune* is mistaken, must have been disappointed. And equally disappointed must have been anybody who came here in the confident expectation of seeing seven hundred and fifty-two postmasters and collectors fraudulently pretending to be the American people and really engaged in making an emperor. The Convention did, undeniably, look much more like a body of men who were thoroughly conversant with the running of political machinery than like anything particularly brilliant and stately; but it would have been anywhere accepted as an assemblage fairly representative of the ordinary American voter, white and black. The black voter was if anything rather more efficiently represented than the white one, for the negro delegates made a better impression than most of their audience had been expecting, and certainly lost nothing in the comparison between them and the Southern white Republicans. Their eloquence got to be very tiresome to be sure, for they were somewhat petted by their Northern friends, and, having an inch given them, took an ell; but there was none of them who had to be so severely choked into silence as some of their white brethren. Indeed, it fell to the lot of one of the colored men to make an energetic protest against the summary suppression and extinction of a fellow-orator of the superior race. The Convention had become exceedingly weary of speech-making, of which it had, for various reasons, been compelled to listen to a great deal. The committee on resolutions had kept it waiting while the innumerable planks were being put together into something like a platform; there was a rumor that if it were not for the hotel-keepers and their interests, the whole business of the Convention might have been finished in one day; and altogether the delegates were very impatient and anxious

to begin voting for Mr. Wilson and Mr. Colfax, when a member from Virginia got the floor and proceeded to make an old-fashioned "effort" in favor of the nomination of a Mr. Lewis. Very short work was made of him, and he was obliged to take his seat, speechless from his attempt to make head against the uproar, and in high dudgeon. When, a few minutes afterward, the platform was unexpectedly brought in, and the question was whether or not it should be adopted, everybody was taken aback by one of the delegations crying out "No." Apparently no one was caring anything in the world about the document; almost no attention was paid to the reading of it; I, for my part, gave up trying to hear it, and listened to a sister of the quill, a Greeley woman, who was chattering at a great rate to a brother reporter on the bench in front of me, and who, I learn, has read "The Swiss Family Robinson," but has never yet finished "Robinson Crusoe" nor "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." The negative votes were explained by a negro delegate, who, as I understood him, said that they were cast because Virginia wanted an opportunity to say to the Convention that she considered herself very ill-treated. She was pretty flatly insulted, but it was her spokesman's want of tact and good sense that brought his misfortune upon him; and she had less reason to complain than some of the other States. Delaware was hissed by the Wilson men because she gave her vote to Mr. Colfax; Mr. Gerrit Smith, of New York, was assailed with shouts of "time"; and Mr. McMichael, of this city, whose voice is not strong enough for so large a hall, was clamorously interrupted in a way that was really discreditable to the delegates. The fact was that the Convention was a renominating Convention, was perfectly well aware that it could do its work in three hours as well as in three days, and was determined that while it would consent to stay in session two days for decency's sake, it would not stay later than Friday afternoon.

The weather on Wednesday was rainy and disagreeable, and as the Convention was not yet welded into a homogeneous mass, and, taken man by man, was not exorbitantly enthusiastic for anybody, the first day was rather depressing. The hall was not completely filled, although a great crowd was present, and the voices of the orators echoed dismally from the empty upper gallery. The audience, however, was more than patient, and illustrated thoroughly the American fondness for ornate speech-making. "I've heard that speech on the floor of the Senate twice a week all winter," said one of the reporters, while a distinguished senator was declaiming sonorously, with much wagging of the head; and certainly, what the senator was saying had a very familiar sound, and must for ten years have been well known to most of his hearers, but they listened hard, receiving it all gladly and with frequent applause. As for the reporters, I may say that they were throughout irreverent, and for the most part indifferent, and behaved more like the Sapeur in the French song, to whom nothing was sacred, than like citizens in convention assembled, and occupied in securing the results of the war, protecting American industry, reviving our commerce, and providing for the widows of our soldiers. While, for instance, the pit and galleries were applauding one of the speakers, his journalistic young friends behind him were informing each other that he had been "dead broke" within the week, and had been obliged to borrow two hundred dollars from a well-known Massachusetts legislator to get home on; and that he was no such sharp as a certain distinguished minister plenipotentiary, formerly a member of Congress, who "always knew enough to borrow of parties that had bills to job through, and never recollected to pay." This mode of looking at public men and matters was however replaced by another when the nomination of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency was in order. So far as I make out, Mr. Colfax has, for some reason or other, become obnoxious to a number of gentlemen connected with the press in the capacity of Washington correspondents, and has been indebted to them for some months of hostility to his pretensions and ardent advocacy of Mr. Wilson's. At all events, there was unsubdued excitement in the press-gallery when it became evident that Mr. Wilson would be nominated on the first ballot, and several correspondents were to be seen swinging their hats, exchanging congratulations, asking each other, How about the Syndicate now? and How that was for Schuyler? and in general manifesting a great deal of contentment at the result and a happy satisfaction, as over a good act well accomplished. And I believe that the Convention outside the press-gallery was far more sincerely interested and genuinely enthusiastic at this moment than at any other. It is a question very difficult to settle, whether or not a given body of men is really enthusiastic, or for its own evil purposes is simulating enthusiasm and joy; but I should say that in spite of the great cheering when General Grant was put in nomination, and the hat-swinging and prolonged shouting when he was declared the nominee and a picture of him on horseback was exposed to view, there was, nevertheless, more real feeling when Wilson slowly forged ahead of Colfax than at any other time. The Convention never came to

order after Virginia, changing her vote, gave him the nomination. Very sincere, too, was the applause given to the negro orators when they, one after another, competing with each other for applause as it seemed, promised that the negro vote should be cast solidly against Greeley and Brown. Nobody was so loudly cheered on the first day as a colored delegate called Grey, from Alabama, I believe, who compared Greeley to Abraham, and reproached the patriarch for being so good to his legitimate son that the bondswoman and her child were forced out into the wilderness, and "the old lady had to hunt for water." The ingenuity and fun of the comparison were sufficient to please any favorably-disposed audience, but it was unmistakable, too, that the Convention welcomed any assurance that the South was safe for the candidates on the Philadelphia ticket.

It is, of course, open to anybody to say that the tremendous uproar which followed the nomination of the Presidential candidate was all in earnest; but it is true, too, that as much pains was taken to elicit it as if there had been fear that it might not be forthcoming of its own accord, and some of the devices for securing it were rather ludicrous. Thus, the device of the picture was somewhat cheap; and it was rather funny, when the shouts had partly subsided, to see a gentleman standing up and singing a ditty to the effect that

"Grant shall win the victories  
For President again."

This song, however, set off the Convention and the galleries, which on the second day were all crowded, and for the next half-hour nothing was done but singing and music by the band, the whole house, and even some of the reporters, joining in the choruses, and making a din not free from dissonance, and in all kinds of time, but pleasant enough to hear, and offering to the eye a striking spectacle. I do not know how many thousand people were present, but the hall is very large, and it was packed with humanity from the floor to the lofty ceiling, and to see the crowd under one and another wave of excitement, now mirthful, now serious, now silent, and now shouting at the top of their lungs, was something worth remembering. I doubt if there ever was a noisier political convention in this or any other country.

It was, on the whole, a very good-natured body and reasonably full of fun, though it became somewhat intolerant at the end, and after its patience had been very much tried by a set of speakers who, if I have any notion of what constitutes good public speaking, were decidedly poor, Governor Noyes of Ohio doing more sensible talk in five minutes, and with better effect upon the Convention, than a dozen or more of the professed orators. Yet the Convention was lavish of applause to the "great magnetic war Governor," Oglesby, Senator Morton, Senator Logan, the Hon. Mr. Lynch, and others, who inflicted on us the regulation brass-band speech, of which it is a hoary and current superstition that American audiences are very fond. In its fun as well as in its seriousness, the Greeley apostasy appeared to be quite as interesting to the Convention as anything else, and the heartiest applause was given to Mr. Townsend of New York when he announced that New York cast her unanimous vote "for the man who, as Horace Greeley said, never had been beaten and never would be—Ulysses S. Grant." A New Hampshire speaker also pleased the delegates, though it was a moment or two before they took his joke, when, in casting the vote of his State, he described it, *sotto voce*, in the words, "and the birthplace of Horace Greeley," and then gave all the votes to General Grant. Most of this kind of jocoseness appeared during the balloting for the Vice-Presidential candidacy.

On the whole, it cannot be said that the assemblage was very interesting. Its work, confessedly, was so thoroughly cut and dried that it was impossible to be in any way excited over its progress to completion, and I paid rather more attention, so far as my opportunities went, to the drift of political opinion among the Pennsylvanians, and their estimate of the result in this State of the October and November elections. I do not feel that I have learned anything certain, but the gist of what I have heard from a number of leading men, none of whom is a Democrat, is about as follows: From a gentleman who was very prominent in the Convention, and is an old and experienced Republican politician, I got the remark that "the Democracy is talking of carrying Pennsylvania by thirty thousand majority; but I shall believe it when I see it." To my enquiry whether his incredulity was in regard to the Democratic victory or to the size of the Democratic majority, he replied that he was sure Buckalew could not beat Hartranft by thirty thousand, but that Pennsylvania politics were in a dreadful muddle. Mr. Forney's dissatisfaction counted for very little, this gentleman said, and there would be no serious split in the party. Another gentleman whom I questioned about Hartranft and his chances said that, as he understood the matter, Hartranft could not show a clean record; if nothing more could be said against him, this could be said, that he, while holding an office which made it incumbent on him to watch State agents and other officials, had borrowed a considerable sum of money from the defaulting State agent, Evans, and

returned it only after the exposure of that person had been made. As for Hartranft's chances of election, this gentleman said that he had just been talking with a friend who knows thoroughly his own county, and the two or three adjacent, and is familiar with many men in various regions of the State, and who tells him that Buckalew is certain to be elected; but, added my informant, "this friend of mine says he told the same thing to the Hartranft men here in this city, and they said they did not care a damn who was elected, they were going to count Hartranft in." That there is an easy possibility of doing this I am assured, and a certain office-holder in Philadelphia who some three or four years ago was forced out of politics for corruption and has only recently come back, was pointed out to me as having recently been elected in this irregular way. His managers did not dare to give him as many votes as the other candidates received, so they counted him some four thousand less, but they counted him in.

Of interest in the original Liberal Reform movement or in the Greeley-Brown movement I have found, I may say, not a vestige. One gentleman said to me: "If we had cared anything about the Cincinnati movement that you New York men got up, do you suppose we should have let McClure and that crowd represent us in that Convention? Nobody here cared anything for it. And as for Greeley and Brown, the Democrats may be thinking of them, but nobody else is." How much the Democrats are thinking of them, I do not know; but two Republican editors from different parts of the State said that all the Democrats they knew would go for Greeley if the Baltimore Convention so ordered.

I judge that with their addiction to protection and the slowness, to call it so, of the average Pennsylvania mind, and the strength of the Philadelphia municipal reformers, it may be quite within the possibilities that a Democratic victory in October may nevertheless be followed by a Grant victory in November; and I am much inclined to the opinion that there may be a great deal in what is said to me about the count of votes in the gubernatorial election.

#### A GREAT DEBATE IN THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

PARIS, May 19, 1872.

THE sittings of the French Assembly at Versailles have something theatrical. They take place in a real theatre, which is perhaps one of the finest in the world, as it is in the purest Louis XIV. style. The gilding is so perfect that it has never been found necessary to touch it since the days of the Grand Roi. This theatre was already historically famous for the great banquet of the Gardes Françaises, when Marie Antoinette appeared and inflamed the enthusiasm of the Guards. Alas! a few days afterwards she was obliged to return to Paris, the prisoner of the populace. This week there have been two sittings, which deserve to be noticed, as it is the first time that the fallen Empire has found an advocate in the French Assembly. M. Rouher, the ex-minister of State—the vice-emperor, as Ollivier once called him—had announced an interpellation on a very dry subject, the contracts of the Minister of War. But this subject had already furnished to the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier a theme for an attack on the corruption of the Empire, and M. Rouher meant to answer this attack. I will not go into the details of this technical subject, and would rather describe to you the scene in its dramatic features. There is a parliamentary train which leaves Paris at one o'clock for Versailles. Last Tuesday it was crowded to excess. It contained, besides five hundred deputies, about as many ladies and gentlemen who had procured tickets for the Chamber. The deputies all occupy the pit of the chamber; the boxes are all filled with strangers. There is the diplomatic box, where ambassadors and ministers make room for the most elegant ladies. Madame Thiers has a box to herself, so has the President of the Chamber for his friends. There is also the vice-president's box, the secretaries' box, the ex-deputies' box, as every Chamber pays this compliment to its predecessors; the army box, for the officers of the garrison of Versailles, and so on. The list of the persons whom I saw in the boxes of the theatre last Tuesday would not have much interest for you; it is enough to say that it would comprise almost every name of importance in Paris, in a social or a political sense. It was something like a first representation of the opera. The *Figaro* papers had all announced that the famous actor, Rouher, who had not been heard since two years, would make his first appearance. The rôle of Rouher was indeed a difficult one. For the last twenty years he had never appeared except before a Chamber composed of official candidates hanging on his lips. He bore the orders of an absolute sovereign, one may almost say of Providence. He had the attitude of a king, of a judge. He held in his hands all the threads of diplomacy. He knew when war was to break out; he was in the secrets of the gods. He was a party to the treaties with Cavour, with Lord Palmerston, with Cobden, with Bismarck. He had left the Corps Législatif to go to the Senate, as the



President of the Upper Chamber, and thought he could there enjoy for the rest of his life *otium cum dignitate*. And now the Empire, which had made him so great, was no more! And old, broken, with the weight of the national misfortune on him, he had to come forward, like an humble lawyer, to argue a case before a Chamber where he had not a single friend, and where on both sides he was looked upon with sentiments of horror, of hatred, and of distrust.

There was a tragic character in such a scene which would have moved any body. So hostile did the Chamber feel to Rouher that, by a natural reaction of generosity, it had been agreed in all the clubs that the parties should give a hearing to Rouher, and remain "calm and silent." This promise was kept the first day. For three hours Rouher was allowed to plead, to enter into the most minute details of the contracts passed by the Imperial Government, to criticise and attack every line of the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier's speech. It is only fair to say that he was as lucid, as clear as possible; that he showed himself a complete master of the subject; and he succeeded in finding the Duke very often in error. The Duke had given the impression to the public that the Empire had no arms, no guns, in sufficient quantity at the beginning of the war; that the money which was to be spent in the arsenals had been squandered elsewhere, chiefly in the Mexican war. There is probably some truth in this statement, but the numbers given by the Duke were inaccurate, and Rouher proved it with official documents. He proved also that the last contracts passed by the last ministry of the Empire, in great haste, after the first defeats, had not been cancelled as they might have been by the Government of the 4th of September; that the contracts of the Government of National Defence were quite as objectionable as those of the Empire. After a long exposition of this painful subject, he ended by attacking Gambetta, in the hope of securing the sympathies of a portion of the Chamber. Gambetta has been canvassing lately for a dissolution of the Chamber. "This dissolution," said Rouher, "would now be the dissolution of the country." After this long and powerful speech, Rouher had succeeded so far that the Duc d'Audiffret asked permission only to answer him the next day. He passed a very nervous night. Was he to follow Rouher into all these details of the contracts, to attempt to divide equally the responsibilities between the Empire and the 4th of September? No; if he did that, Rouher was too good a lawyer to leave him the victory; the public would get disgusted; and the general impression would be that Rouher had had the best of the discussion. D'Audiffret, with the keen eye of a politician, felt that the whole tone of the discussion must be changed. The next day, the audience was quite as impatient and as excited as the first day. The Duke, after wandering for a little while through the contracts, at last quitted the tone of the lawyer and attacked directly Rouher and the Empire. "You say that you were ready; you say that your arsenals were full; then, you are all the more to blame for not having used your materials and for having brought disaster after disaster on your country." On the very day when the war was proclaimed, the Senate, with Rouher at its head, went to St. Cloud, and thanked the Emperor for his vindication of the honor of France. Rouher, speaking in the name of the Senate, congratulated the Emperor on having for four years prepared the war in secret, and announced that victory would follow the glorious conqueror of Solferino to the Rhine and to Berlin. A more impudent declaration was perhaps never made; for, at the time when the French Government was trying to prove that the Hohenzollern affair had forced the war on France, here was the President of the French Senate thanking the Emperor for his long preparation of it. D'Audiffret did not miss using this terrible weapon on his adversary. "When you now attend your Emperor in the walks of Chislehurst, do you never hear a voice screaming: 'Vare, Vare, reddite legiones'—Give us back, give us back our provinces?" The harsh and thrilling voice of the Duke here filled the whole theatre. It was a moment of almost sublime horror. Many deputies wept, especially those of the eastern frontier of France.

What could Rouher do after that? The contracts were forgotten; he had stood at the tribune as the advocate of the Empire, and d'Audiffret silenced the Empire by his apostrophe: "Give us back our provinces." He attempted, however, to speak again, and, in justice to him, it must be said that he was not quite overpowered by the weight he had to bear. With tears in his eyes he said that he also was a patriot; that he had never wished anything but the greatness of France; he had no responsibility in the declaration of war (which is true); he even attempted to explain his speech at St. Cloud, and screened his words behind similar patriotic declarations made afterwards by Thiers, by Jules Favre, by Gambetta. He attacked Gambetta again, and at last finally brought him to the tribune. Gambetta was quite beside himself; he has sometimes been compared to a roaring lion; he roared, and shook his fist at Rouher; called him and his friends all possible names, cowards, liars, traitors; he threatened him with that justice which had already smitten his accomplices in the Mexican war, Morny and Jecker the backer (shot by

the Communists), Napoleon III., and which now had Bazaine in its grasp. Gambetta has been trying lately to become less of a Rabagas, and more of a statesman; he has been canvassing the departments, and assuring the Frenchmen, in easy after-dinner speeches, that he and his party represented order, decency, morality, moderation, and all that was respectable and delightful; but Rouher had driven him almost mad; his fiery Italian blood was boiling, and even his friends of the Left could restrain him no more.

The Duc de Broglie offered an order of the day which expressed confidence in the Parliamentary Commission of Contracts, and the hope that it would continue to elucidate all facts before and after the 4th of September. Gambetta and the Left felt that it was better to adopt this order of the day than to divide the House, and it was unanimously adopted. The hope of Rouher was, therefore, not realized; he had worked in order to set the Right against the Left, the Monarchical party against the Republicans, but he found them all united against the Empire. As for M. Thiers, he preserved a complete silence during the whole fight; he is no friend of the Duc d'Audiffret, and did not approve of his first speech against the contractors and the Ministry of War; but Rouher had sufficiently exposed the administrative errors of the Duke; it could only be agreeable to M. Thiers to see the Empire attacked and condemned solemnly once more by the verdict of the Chamber. The great oratorical triumph of the Duke is perhaps not much to his taste, as the Duke has won a great name now in the country, and has been always known as a strong monarchist; he was the leader of the movement for the *fusion* between the Orléans family and the Comte de Chambord, which came to an end by the intemperate and absurd manifestoes of the Count; he is a personal friend of the Orléans, and has so far been in opposition to M. Thiers's policy; but M. Thiers has for the present nothing to fear from any party, and the Duke found it politic to say some words in praise of him in his speech. He said that the Empire had always persecuted M. Thiers; that at the time of the declaration of war, M. Thiers's house was surrounded by the Imperial mob, which hissed and threatened him—that house which afterwards was demolished by the Commune. "The Commune," said he, "achieved what you had begun."

Practically, it is difficult to say what will be the consequence of this parliamentary fight. The enemies of the Empire are elated by the result; but I cannot help remembering the sitting at Bordeaux, when the *déchéance* of the Empire was pronounced. On that day Rouher, if he had appeared, would have been torn to pieces. Now he speaks for three hours in a French Assembly, and comes out openly as the representative of the Empire.

#### THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY.

FLORENCE, May 15, 1872.

A PREJUDICE is widely spread throughout the world with regard to the two European nations which have been the last to constitute their unity: that the unification of Italy was a more spontaneous and voluntary act than that of Germany; that Piedmontese laws and institutions were wished for by all the provinces of the Peninsula, while Prussia imposed hers by force on the disarmed German states; in a word, that Cavour was Italy's liberator, Bismarck Germany's enslaver—a conqueror whose success alone has induced his servile victims, always kneeling before power, to pardon him. This whole view of things is constantly meeting with contradiction in facts, however plausible it may appear to superficial lookers-on. Indeed, whilst Prussia has respected the laws and institutions not only of all the confederate states, but of each of her own provinces, and the tendency towards unification is represented in the *Reichstag* precisely by representatives of minor states and recently annexed provinces, the introduction of Sardinian legislation was decreed peremptorily in 1860 throughout Italy, and the individual provinces are now in fact endeavoring to preserve the few autonomous institutions and privileges they have saved, or to regain some of those which were then taken from them. In a word, it is the centrifugal movement which paralyzes the legislation of the parliament of Rome, and the centripetal which facilitates that of the Berlin *Reichstag*.

One is constantly induced to make such reflections when one considers the sterile activity of the Italian parliament during this winter's session, and seeks for the causes of its failure in satisfactory results. In fact, we may say that this has been the case ever since the young kingdom existed, and that in these last thirteen years the legislative body of Italy has not voted one of those "organic" laws which were to have been its chief study and occupation immediately after the unification of the country. It was the fashion till lately to attribute this failure in serious legislation to the incomplete state of the kingdom and the all-engrossing interest of its foreign policy; but the two long sessions which have taken place since the taking of Rome must have converted even such as refused to be convinced by the four sessions which followed upon the annexation of Venice in 1866, that these were not

the real obstacles to successful legislation in Italy. Nor can it be entirely accounted for by the indolence, apathy, and carelessness of the Italian ministers and deputies. Parliament meets, indeed, pretty regularly, and twenty or thirty members are always to be found ready to work, which number would be quite sufficient, even if all the others did nothing. The real cause of this undeniable fact must therefore be looked for elsewhere. I firmly believe it to consist in the unripe state of Italy when she suddenly improvised her unity at a time when she was totally unprepared for it. There had been neither a Zollverein, nor a national body of university professors, nor a constant commercial and scientific intercourse between state and state by rail and road, by correspondence and travelling, to prepare the way, as had been the case in Germany. Moreover, the idea of unity was by no means so mature here as there, where it was not one single Mazzini alone, but all cultivated minds, who inclined towards it for more than forty years before, however different may have been the definitive form they wished it to assume. The circumstance alone that the Prussians were able, on the morrow of their "conquests," to leave each conquered province its own *corps d'armée* without fear of strengthening the separatist tendencies, and that the Italians dare not yet, after twelve years, apply this so-called "territorial" system to Sicily, Tuscany, or in fact to any of their provinces, lest they should detach themselves from the mother-country—this fact, I say, goes far to prove how far less prepared for unity Italy was than Germany.

Thus the very first step of the Italian Government in 1859 and 1860, after having amalgamated all the separate armies in one, mixing up Lombards and Neapolitans, Sardinians and Romagnols, together in the same regiment, was peremptorily to decree the introduction of the Piedmontese statutes, as well as Piedmontese civil and criminal laws. It soon became evident that these laws, framed in the theoretical spirit of the Napoleonic legislation of 1802, but slightly modified by the exigencies of Piedmontese history, traditions, customs, and interests, were utterly unadapted to the rest of Italy. The French system of recruiting (the conscription) met with a bad reception, and was imperfectly carried out in several provinces. The juries, once the novelty of the thing had passed away, could not be induced to attend the assizes, or, when they came, to pronounce a condemnatory verdict. Schools were established everywhere, but the parents refused to send their children to them, etc. Comprehensive organic laws were promised, as we have said, and, indeed, the different ministers tried to keep the promise given. Laws organizing a whole system of public instruction, from the university down to the village school; the entire administration, remodelling of the arbitrary territorial divisions, as well as reform of the French system of prefects, combined with elective councils; the whole jurisdiction and magistracy, beginning with the court of cassation and ending with the *pretori* (Justices of peace); the army and navy, the financial system, etc., were framed in the ministries. Unfortunately, the Chambers never succeeded in voting these pompous bills, and this simply because the different towns and provinces could not be brought to sacrifice the smallest particle of their rights or advantages to the common cause. The present administration had, like its predecessors, a certain number of such unificatory laws in its portfolios; yet they have no more been adopted during the expiring legislative session than they were in former periods.

A few examples will serve to illustrate the real cause of this chronic failure.

Everybody will easily understand that Italy is not rich enough, either in money, professors, or students, to keep up twenty universities; and it is not difficult to see that by reducing them to five, and concentrating on these five focuses of intellectual and scientific life the most eminent scholars and teachers whom they would be able to attract there by concentrating their pecuniary resources also, and offering them greater advantages, they would at the same time attract hundreds of students to those universities, full of real life and intellectual activity, now divided between twenty such establishments, fifteen of which are dying a natural death, and five others quite incomplete. But what everybody may confess the best is not always readily maintained when it comes to discussion and votes in parliament. Then the member for Catania, or Perugia, or Sienna, if he wishes to be re-elected, must needs stand up for the university of his constituency; and, as he promises to most of his colleagues his support on a similar occasion, is almost sure to obtain a majority. It is the same with the number of useless prefectures we have in this country: a prefect being a sort of petty autocrat, his presence in a town is considered to give it the splendor of a small court, and woe to the deputy who would contribute by his vote to deprive his native town of such a benefit! Again, in matters of justice we find the same contradictions which paralyze all Italian legislation: on the one side a desire to establish an external, symmetrical uniformity in the French style; on the other side, the wish to preserve and spare local and provincial privileges and prejudices; a great deal of small talk about decentralization and ultimate

bringing in of centralizing laws; an eternal conflict, in short, between a rationalist legislation and real or imaginary interests. Nor is this conflict embodied in two distinct parties—it exists in every individual's brain. Every cultivated Italian may repeat with Faust:

"Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach, in meiner Brust"  
(Two souls, alas, dwell within my breast)—

for every cultivated Italian has been brought up with the abstract passion for that abstract being called Italy, which had no other concrete system whatever beyond that of the language and literature; and, his thoughts not being deep, imagined that it would suffice to proclaim unity for it to exist. No sooner did he see it before him, proclaimed in this way, than he saw that behind names there must be things, and, as he had been brought up in the "modern" French-Revolution and First-Empire ideas, simply began to build up the thing by means of that system of architecture. It has now worked for twelve years, and the Italians see with terror that what they held to be a living organic body is, in fact, nothing but a skilfully-constructed, inanimate machine, which only moves as long as it is artificially wound up. On the other hand, they are beginning to feel that they may get tired of incessantly winding it up. It is a delicate thing which requires continual vigilance, and is very apt to be put out of order if neglected but for a single day, or knocked by a rough hand, as "the brilliant French organization" proved in 1870. Now, our modern Italian is an indolent being by nature; he is, moreover, attached to his native place and province; he is a man of habit—does not like being disturbed by innovation; finally, he is full of *viguardi* (considerations), and would never do harm to anybody were the greatest benefit to be obtained by it. The consequence is, that when a new law, like that discussed this week in the Senate about the Supreme Court of Justice, is to be voted, he cannot make up his mind to put his personal inclinations and interests in harmony with his theoretical convictions. The latter, in his utterly Frenchified mind, are for the system of cassation against the system of a third instance; but the system of cassation requires that there should be only one Supreme Court for the kingdom, established in Rome, which would be a great loss (in the Italian mind) for Turin, Milan, Florence, and Naples. Were he, on the contrary, to follow the example of the English and Germans, who make their laws according to the exigencies of their society, and do not pretend to remodel society after the pattern of their laws, he would easily conciliate the above said local interests with the national interest by leaving to the French their admirable court of cassation, and establishing four or five courts of third instance; by doing which he would at the same time avoid creating a body of which nobody knows whether it is a legislative, a judicial, or a didactic authority.

It is evident that it is no easy matter to eradicate this evil in Italy. Years employed in unlearning what they have learned from the French Revolution, and in acquiring practical science of government and administration, force of circumstances, accidents, a reform of the parliamentary system still in vigor, will alone allow them to overcome this essential difficulty. However, as New Italy has the inappreciable benefit of enjoying the most absolute liberty, there is no doubt that the legislation will in time profit by this vivifying element, as commerce, science, and industry already have done.

## Correspondence.

### REASONS FOR ELECTING GREELEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I submit the following reasons why Mr. Greeley should be elected and why he should be supported by those who participated in the Cincinnati Convention. Some of these reasons are not new, as you will perceive:

1. His election will dissolve existing parties, and enable the best men of both old parties to unite for needed reforms.
2. It promises to withdraw from the field all antagonisms growing out of slavery and the war.
3. It will establish the one-term principle as a political maxim, and thus take from the President the temptation to use the public offices to secure his own re-election; in short, will be the first step to real civil-service reform.
4. It will enable the revenue reformers of both old parties to work together, thus practically doubling their strength in every doubtful Congressional district.
5. The responsibility of putting Mr. Greeley in the field rests at last upon those who drew the Cincinnati Convention together, and they cannot avoid it. But for them there would have been no man of the name of Greeley available for the people's votes.



6. If elected, his advisers must be either those who drew the Cincinnati Convention together or those who jumped on after it started—either the soldiers or the camp-followers. If the soldiers go to the rear, the camp-followers will of course take possession of the field, and will not be chiefly to blame under the circumstances.

7. If those who drew the Cincinnati Convention together abandon Greeley, or even falter, they contribute to that extent to the election of Grant. Looking upon the question as a choice of evils, they must decide that Grant and old party tyranny are better than Greeley and emancipation.

8. To attempt to substitute anybody else for Greeley now is not only to undo the field-work that has already been done, but to cast the shadow of irresolution upon the whole movement, its authors and abettors. There will be no certainty in the minds of the public that, having made one change in the face of the enemy, we shall not make another. Voters will scatter, newspapers will slide back to the old grooves, leaders who are now waiting for Baltimore will conclude that this is boys' play and will cling to their accustomed allegiance. This applies to Democrats as well as Republicans.

9. Those who drew the Cincinnati Convention together will be the leaders and directors of Greeley's Administration, unless by their own acts they elect not to be so. Greeley must lean upon them for support, for they are the only ones who can give him support. He must lean upon those who can stand alone, and not upon those who need something else to lean upon. Since he has no organized party to look to, he must look to the foremost men of the mob for help. You know who those foremost men are.

10. Since Mr. Greeley is not looking to a second term, he has no motive but to make a high-toned Administration. What motive has he to run his ship on the very rock where Grant split? Is not that rock plainly visible? Is it likely that Mr. Greeley is the only one who has not seen it?

CURTIS.

["Curtius," it is proper to mention, is a prominent promoter of the Greeley movement, and whatever he says is entitled to careful consideration; but his argument, in part at least, rests on assumptions for which Greeley's career, in our opinion, affords no warrant, and which we have recently fully discussed. We are surprised, by the way, that "Curtius" should make no mention, among the benefits to flow from Greeley's election, of the deliverance of the people from the usurpation of the Electoral College in the matter of the tariff. He surely has not overlooked this master-stroke of the Cincinnati Convention, which Mr. Gratz Brown and Senator Doolittle are evidently prepared to put in the same category as the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, and the Emancipation Proclamation.—ED. NATION.]

## Notes.

MACMILLAN & CO. are about to publish the "Oxford Bampton Lectures for 1871," by the Rev. G. H. Curteis, who treats of Dissent in its relation to the Church of England.—"Concord Days," by A. Bronson Alcott, is on the list of Roberts Bros.—E. B. Treat, of this city, publishes by subscription "The National Political Manual for 1872," which, if it surpass Mr. McPherson's compilation of the same kind, will need no other *raison d'être*.—Baring-Gould's "Lives of the Saints," in thirteen volumes, will shortly begin to be issued by Pott, Young & Co., each volume being complete in itself.—The remarkable series of lectures on Preaching, delivered last year at Yale College by Mr. Beecher, is announced in book-form by J. B. Ford & Co., who also have in press the Fifth and Sixth Series of Mr. Beecher's Sermons, and a "History of New York City," by Mrs. M. J. Lamb, member of the New York Historical Society.—An author who evidently has no idea of "clasping hands across the bloody gulf" is Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin, for whom Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger are to publish "Fitz-Hugh St. Clair, the South Carolina Rebel Boy; or, It is no Crime to be Born a Gentleman."—J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce "The Evolution of Life," by Henry C. Chapman, M.D., with numerous illustrations; "Theology for Children," by Mark Evans; "Guide-Book of the Lehigh Valley Railroad"; and the usual number of new novels.

—In the *Herald* of Monday last there is an essay, nine columns long, on the late Mr. Bennett, which, considering that it appears in his own paper, adds singularly little to our knowledge of him. Perhaps more than anything else that it does, it confirms by its extreme paucity of biographical details the correctness of the opinion that no one of our time whose name has been so widely familiar as his, can have lived a life of such isolation. Except for

its tone of personal friendship, or, we may rather say, of *Herald* partisanship, there is in this essay almost nothing to make it different from the thousand-and-one obituary notices which have been printed in the various newspapers. Of eulogy based upon *Herald* partisanship, however, or upon personal friendship, there is an amount altogether unwarranted by the facts. We are told, for instance, that Mr. Bennett was the original deviser of Central Park and the neighboring boulevards, but of proof of this assertion nothing is offered, and in what sense the statement is true we are left in doubt. It is also asserted that while yet a boy, in Scotland, Mr. Bennett discerned clearly that the man who wished to lead a literary life, and at the same time exert an influence over his fellows, must make up his mind to emigrate to America, and must there become the owner and editor of a perfectly independent newspaper. Yet it was only after he had reached his twenty-seventh year, and after he had tried his hand at several employments, that Mr. Bennett found himself for the first time at work in a newspaper office; and how it happened that he came to this country at all no one seems to know certainly. It may perhaps be true, as another biographer tells us, that it was the perusal of Franklin's "Autobiography," a book which circulated extensively in Scotland when Mr. Bennett was a youth of fifteen or thereabouts, which at the same time directed the future New York editor to the country of his adoption, and pointed out to him his foreordained profession. This probably was the same edition of the famous "Autobiography" which was read so eagerly by other noted Scotchmen of that generation, and of which William Chambers relates that his first venture as a publisher consisted in his printing a small edition of it with a few pounds of battered type picked up at an auction, and on a press at which he was compositor, proof-reader, and pressman. Widely different, we may as well remind ourselves, were the subsequent careers of the two young Scotchmen, who sixty years ago, at Edinburgh and Aberdeen, were drinking in their inspiration from our Yankee philosopher's fountain of wisdom and worldly wisdom. The one was to be the reinventor of penny literature and to sow broadcast in "the huts where poor men lie" the best thought of the best minds of all ages; the other was to become the founder of a great journal which even while its parent lay dying displayed each morning in conspicuous columns the advertisements of prostitutes, abortionists, and professional seducers, male and female. Not only may we as well remind ourselves of this difference between the *Edinburgh Journal* and the *New York Herald*; it becomes evident that we do much better in reminding ourselves of it than we do in forgetting it, when almost everywhere we see loud praises of the *Herald's* success, and find its example held up for imitation. That it has been in some obvious respects worthy of imitation this *Herald* essay makes sufficiently plain. As we have said, it does ample justice to Mr. Bennett's admirable qualities, and that he had many such no one will deny who knows what he accomplished in his profession, and how great were the difficulties in his way. But he had faults as great, and very little did the *Herald* ever serve any good cause. That it has always been a consistent friend of virtue, as our author maintains, and a systematic, earnest denouncer of vice; that often in waiting upon public opinion this absolutely independent journal has not often been as stupid, heartless, and cruel as ignorance and moral callousness could make it; that its conductor never could withhold praise for a good act even though done by an enemy, nor condemnation for a bad act, though done by a friend; that of late years, at any rate, it has not been intellectually incompetent in its editorial department, and inferior to its contemporaries oftener than it has been superior to them in the fulness of its news—these things it requires an odd sort of impartial critic to maintain, and how our essayist can assert them we do not know. It is a fact, however, that a newspaper commands from its friends a species of idolatry curiously intense. There are plenty of men in this city, and Brooklyn, and Williamsburg who think of the *Herald* as an old sailor thinks of his "saucy *Arctusa*" or *Mary Ann*, or as a veteran soldier thinks of his regiment.

—By the death of Dr. William Stimpson, Secretary of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, Natural History loses one of its most distinguished American followers. His work was of a kind, and done with a spirit, which would not give renown outside the circle of his fellow-workers in the science, but among them his place was the highest ever attained by any American student of the same years of active labor. At the very outset of his studies it was his good fortune to come in contact with Professor Agassiz, then just established in Cambridge, and to get from him certain conceptions of method in zoological research which did much to determine the value of his subsequent investigations. A voyage around the world in the scientific corps of the Japan Expedition gave him the chance to get an extended view of organic life in its various conditions of development. Besides the large amount of work done upon the collections of this and other Government expeditions, during his long connection with the Smithsonian Institution, the greater part of which has been lost through fatal delays in publication, he contributed to science

numerous memoirs on the marine invertebrate life of the coasts of North America. In the arduous studies on the sea and shore which furnished the materials for these works, he showed the full energy and devotion of a born naturalist. His blood, though of that old New England stock misnamed cold, was capable of a fever heat of enthusiasm. He brought to his work all the ardor of the Louisiana Audubon, as well as the spirit which made his work immortal. No hardship or danger could deter him. There is scarcely a seaport from Nova Scotia to Florida where the hardiest fishermen do not tell of the daring and skill of the delicate gentlemanly student who would placidly face the gravest danger of the sea in the pursuit of its inhabitants. His skill as a sailor and his profound knowledge of the ocean did a great deal to give science the respectability among seafaring people that Tyndall and Huxley and other vigorous students gave it among the mountaineers of the Alps. All that he had done for science was but a promise of what his riper years might have achieved. Under his able direction the Chicago Museum had come to rank fifth among the centres of research in this country. He had gathered around him, though but forty years of age, the ample store of more than twenty years' assiduous investigation. With a patience as admirable as it was singular in this land of haste, he was willing to forego the gain of honor which might have come from the publication of his results until the work was thoroughly done. All who knew his labors looked with the keenest interest to the time when his masterpieces should be given to the public. It was never to be. The Chicago fire devoured all his manuscripts, a great number of drawings and engraved plates, a valuable scientific library, a part of the invaluable collections of deep-sea dredgings of the United States Coast Survey, and much material from the Smithsonian Institution. Borne down by this great blow, he began rapidly to yield to a disease which for some years he had combated with native energy. After the first shock, the active help and encouragement of his brothers in science gave him some heart again. His old teacher, Agassiz, offered him all the resources of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy to restore his losses; the Coast Survey gave him a place in charge of the deep-sea dredgings off Florida. But with all his old love for the work his strength was gone. Of all the lives that were wrecked by the hideous calamity at Chicago there was perhaps none more valuable than his.

—The statement, "Thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth," has ceased to be true of the wind since the discovery of "Ballot's Law." The simple announcement of it threw a flood of light upon the wind-maps and gave the clue to their labyrinths. "The winds always blow nearly parallel to the isobars" (lines connecting places where the atmosphere weighs alike, as measured by the barometer—a word analogous to isothermal)—"with the highest pressure on their right hand in the Northern Hemisphere" (but on their left in the Southern). To illustrate: suppose a nucleus of lowest pressure (say 29.3) to be central over Long Island, and stationary. Such was actually the case at midnight on the 4th inst. per weather report. A circle connecting Portland, Burlington, and Cape May would represent the isobaric of 29.60. Now, if the wind has the higher pressure at its right, it must blow around Long Island "backing"—i. e., in a direction the reverse of watch-hands. Thus, at Portland and Boston it blew from the east; at Burlington, northeast; Cincinnati, north; Cape May, Washington, Lynchburg, etc., northwest; and at New London, southeast. Three facts contribute to confuse the simplicity of this law as applied to the interpretation of our weather-maps, exclusive of mistakes: first, the observers divide the compass into only eight points, making but one between each pair of cardinals; hence winds from north-northeast and north-northwest might both appear in one region recorded as north, and in another on the same map as northeast and northwest respectively. Secondly, the words "nearly parallel to the isobars," explained more at length, mean that the wind blows across these parallels at a small angle from the higher to the lower pressure, thus producing an immense spiral whorl (which also ascends around its core). Thus, at the time of our illustration, the wind was reported northwest at several places due west of Long Island, indicating a centripetal as well as circular impulse. Thirdly, it is only when the area of low barometer is stationary that the wind blows around it with uniform velocity, and that the calm is at its centre. If the whole area moves, the apparent directions alter, though still uniform relative to the moving centre. Thus, if the nucleus is moving eastward, the wind to the south of it has double work to do; its velocity eastward equals its motion round the centre plus the speed of the centre. Conversely, the wind northward of the nucleus has its apparent westward velocity lessened by the amount of motion of the centre eastward. If the storm moves very rapidly, the wind may appear west under its whole extent, being lightest at the north and heaviest at the south. (In the tropics, storms move to the west, and hence it is the east winds there which have their speed supplemented by that of the centres, while the west winds are almost neutralized, "trade winds.") Where the

pressure is lowest the air always moves in the same direction as the storm, thus preserving its position beneath the core, while the apparent calm is in the region where the opposing directions and velocities balance each other. (Hence the equatorial belt of calms and variable winds.) With these facts in mind, the wind records become a soluble enigma.

—The reading public will be defrauded if the papers on "French Home Life" which have for some months formed the most attractive portion of *Blackwood's Magazine* are not ultimately reprinted in a book. The subject is one which most of us are accustomed to regard as mythical, because so few of us in going abroad have the leisure or the opportunity to penetrate to the French hearthstone. The writer, however, has evidently studied the French most intimately, and his account of them is an agreeable corrective of the low opinion which now prevails, not unnaturally, of their character. At the same time, he discusses with candor all sides of a question, and gives the impression of a very fair-minded observer, whose judgment is entitled to a great deal of weight. His sixth paper, on the French language, in *Blackwood* for May, is an excellent example of analytical and original treatment of a fascinating theme. It is mainly occupied with an examination of evidence tending to establish the author's thesis that a language which has attained its full growth is no longer a mere product and index of the national character, but reacts upon and moulds it to such a degree that "the fate of nations may be influenced by the language which they speak." Thus he says of the catastrophe of 1870-71:

"When history begins to dissect this modern decline and fall, will it take no note of the salient feature of French habits? will it acquit the people's ready tongues of all share of responsibility? That the incessant spelling of empty words must necessarily stimulate frivolity of thought seems to be a probable if not a certain proposition. That the cherished music of one's own voice ends by becoming particularly agreeable, is a fact of which we see examples even outside France. That the soothing vanity which springs from it should incline the self-approving speaker to believe in what he supposes to be the opinions he expresses, is a simple and natural transition. That these mental processes should result in a peculiar disposition to consider one's self very wise and decidedly worth listening to, appears to be mathematically demonstrable. It looks, then, as if the self-conceit, the impatience of observation and advice, the rejection of all unpleasant truths, the resolute credulity of their own fancies, which the war brought so glaringly into light amongst the mass of Frenchmen, may, not unreasonably, be partially explained by the accumulated effects of years of idle talking."

—Passing on to details, the writer adduces a number of interesting illustrations of the difference between the French and English character, as seen in the capacity of their respective languages for expressing certain ideas or sets of ideas. Thus:

"A second odd example is the total absence, in French, of any word equivalent to 'listener.' It seems hardly credible that with thirty-seven millions of talkers, no provision, other than the cumbersome phrase *celui qui écoute*, should have been made for auditors. The only interpretation of so odd a blank lies in the supposition that each Frenchman chatters for himself, not for others; and that, not caring whether he is listened to or not, he has never recognized that he has no denomination for the person to whom he speaks. He has the verb *écouter*, but no corresponding substantive."

Not that the French have no word for 'hearer'; but neither the proverbial *bon entendeur* nor the formal *auditeur* answers exactly to the notion of listener. We are surprised that the writer, in enumerating other words in which the English tongue is decidedly superior, should omit so striking an example as the verb "to stand." To dispense with this strong and invaluable word would seem a great hardship, yet the French make shift without it, using an awkward circumlocution to indicate the upright position, and substituting a weaker verb to denote fixity. Those who like may draw from this omission the inference of instability and revolution, and those who can may refute them.

—The "Bibliothèque de l'Armée Française; publiée par ordre du Président de la République sous la direction du Ministre de la Guerre," is being diligently pushed forward, and enough volumes are already published to fill a respectable book-shelf. We find at Christern's all the books of the series thus far issued, and they offer very good reading in a handy shape and size, and well printed. We give the titles of the nine books, making seventeen volumes, now to be had: "Napoléon. Campagnes d'Italie, d'Égypte et de Syrie," 3 vols.; "Mémoires de Turenne, suivis du précis des campagnes du Maréchal de Turenne, par Napoléon," 1 vol.; "Frédéric. Œuvres Historiques (1740-1763), suivies du précis des guerres de Frédéric, par Napoléon," 3 vols.; "Xénophon. Expédition des Dix Mille," 1 vol. The translation is by M. Eugène Talbot, founded on that made by Luzerne, Minister of Marine under Louis XVI. "Salluste. Guerre de Jugurtha," translated by M. Croiset. "Flavius Josèphe. Siège de Jérusalem. Extrait de l'histoire de la guerre des Juifs contre les Romains." "Commentaires de César," with notes by Napoleon, 2 vols.; "Commentaires de Morthuc," 4 vols. Of this work Henry IV. is reported to have said that it deserved to be called the soldier's



Bible. ("Henri IV., bon juge, a dit qu'il mériterait d'être appelé la Bible des gens de guerre.") The editor of these little books, M. Camille Rousset, historiographer of the Ministry of War, has supplied each of them with a brief, well-written introduction, in which he tells something about the book and its author, and perhaps avoids oftener than would seem possible the temptation which he must be more than French-human not to have been under—to make flings at the fallen government, and to insult the Commune, and to glorify the so-called Republic of M. Thiers. The most striking of the instances in which he has let fly his darts against the late Emperor is the following, the closing sentence of the Introduction to the "Campagne d'Italie et d'Egypte":

"It will be remarked, no doubt, with what insistence the author of this book has substituted, by an anachronism into which he has fallen with open eyes, to serve his own ends, the name of Napoleon for that of Bonaparte. We have allowed this singularity to remain, since there is no longer any chance of its being accepted or ratified by history. Men will always distinguish between a Bonaparte and a Napoleon, as they distinguish between an Octavius and an Augustus."

—M. Léon Heuzey, professor of archæology in the Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris, concluded a course of lectures which he has lately delivered there by two informal talks, accompanied by illustrations, on the costume of the Greeks, to which were invited, besides the members of the Academy of Fine Arts, a number of professional men and art-critics. A long study of the works of Greek antiquity has convinced M. Heuzey that the dress both of men and women in Greece was composed simply of squares of cloth of varying dimensions. With squares of woollen stuff, chosen of Oriental manufacture, in order to get as near as possible to those woven by the women in the gynæceum, M. Heuzey reproduces upon the model the folds and way-of-falling, even the most complicated of the draperies of the statues, bas-reliefs, and vase-paintings of Greek antiquity. Among many others, he showed the horsemen of the Panathenaic frieze, clothed with the double-belted tunic; the maidens in procession of the same frieze; and even the statue of an orator dressed in the great square mantle, the glory of the museum of St. John Lateran, known as the "Sophocles." In the course of these illustrations, an interesting fact appeared. The folds which cover the body had been adjusted with some difficulty upon the model, who first changed the attitude and then took it again. The draperies immediately reproduced those of the antique statue which stood beside the model upon the platform. For the women's dress the results were the same, and obtained by means as simple—only the squares are larger, and made of richer and softer stuff. The reproduction of the Minerva of Velletri, clad in the Ionian tunic under the Dorian peplus, gave, among others, the same results of identity with the model as in the case of the Sophocles. Last year M. Heuzey finished his course by similar experiments with the costumes of the Assyrians and the Egyptians. Next year he will occupy himself with Roman archæology and the more complicated costumes of the Roman people.

—The rage for picture-buying in France and England, one of the most refined forms which speculation has taken in these days, would seem to continue with little abatement if we may judge by the reports of recent auction sales. The Gillott sale, with its astonishing result for four days of £130,322, has been much talked about. The sale of the Collection Carlin, which took place in Paris, April 29, was by no means so important in a money way, but the prices were such as to show that the pictures of certain modern French masters are still much better to stow spare money in than either the old stockings and honey-pots of a past generation, or than certain railroads and banks of our own day. Six pictures by old masters brought 31,250 francs, of which sum 10,300 is to be allotted to Rembrandt for a portrait of a woman, and 9,500 to D. Teniers for a smithy with horses. In contrast with this, we have 27 pictures by modern Frenchmen bringing 355,650 francs, and yet none of the pieces principal works. It is curious to observe that the two pictures by Gustave Courbet, "La Falaïse d'Etretat après l'Orage" and "La Mer Orageuse," exhibited at the salon in 1870, brought good prices, probably as much as the painter sold them for; so that his expulsion from the salon of this year and the outcry raised against him for his doings during the Commune would seem to have made his powerful, original paintings no less worthy in the minds of people who can separate the man from his work. The former of these two pictures fetched 17,000 francs, the other 13,000 francs. Eight pictures and sketches by Delacroix were sold for 140,750. The first study by Ingres, for his Angelica, brought 70,000 francs; a fine Millet, "Clair de Lune," was sold for 20,000 and a picture by Th. Rousseau, "La Mare," for the same sum.

—The late Friedrich Gerstäcker, who died at Vienna at the age of fifty-six, belonged to the romantic school of travellers rather than to the serious and scientific, such as, for example—to name his countrymen and contempo-

aries—Schlagintweit, Rohlfs, Schweinfurth, and Mauch. What he furnished his readers was not the usual narrative of travel, with dates and circumstance and order of progress, but, as a French critic has aptly termed it, "une suite de récits romanesques, écrits toutefois par un homme qui a vu le pays." The United States Gerstäcker saw pretty thoroughly, from a great many points of view, in the period 1835-1843 (which covered, by the way, the visit of Dickens), and immediately on his return to Germany he began to contribute to the press the sketches of American life and manners which not only brought him into notice, but acted powerfully on the imagination of the emigrating classes of the population. In six years he wrote twenty-three works, making 103 volumes, and then, to renew his capital stock, he traversed South America, Australia, and the East Indies. Central America, Nubia, and Abyssinia afterwards gratified his fondness for adventure, and in 1869 Gerstäcker revisited this country. His works have not had the circulation here which their liveliness and picturesqueness deserve, not to speak of their historical value, which will grow with time. An English edition of his "Western Lands and Western Waters" appeared in 1864.

#### VICTOR HUGO'S "L'ANNEE TERRIBLE."

THE admirers of Victor Hugo may be compared to men fascinated by a beautiful and witty woman, whose daily life is a violation of all social proprieties and conventions. Judged by strict rules of criticism, at least half of what he writes is sheer rubbish. He is at the same time a quack and a pedant, throwing a slight bridge of spurious learning over stupendous depths of ignorance. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that whenever he ventures on a foreign quotation or an historical reference, the quotation and the reference are either imaginary or incorrect. If he has occasion to introduce four words of German, all ordinary particles, he must misspell one of them. If he attempts to cite two words of Plautus, he must distort one of them out of all possible Latinity. Spanish is supposed to be his war-horse; he introduces page after page of it to show his familiarity with the language; yet he writes *la alma*, which is about equivalent to *la âme* in French. As to history and ethnology, panting scholarship toils in vain after the swarm of his blunders and hallucinations. The English translator of "L'Homme qui Rit" rashly began with a purpose of rectifying all the little slips in the original. How far this design was carried out we cannot say, not having kept the run of the London version, but if any serious effort was made to fulfil the promise, the notes must have swelled to a commentary nearly as big as the text. Our American translator was wiser; he began by declaring explicitly that it was not his business to correct the author's history and archæology. Indeed, the perversions of the record were so gigantic, colossal, Titanic, so astounding and overwhelming to the ordinary well-regulated mind, that several English critics could only explain them on the hypothesis of the writer's insanity. We do not, however, believe Victor Hugo to be mad any more than Charles Reade or Algernon Swinburne, or any very conceited man of genius. If his eccentricities seem nearer madness than theirs, it is because both his genius and his conceit are greater. For, among all self-worshippers and self-believers, he must be assigned the foremost place. He belongs to a country of conceited authors: Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Dumas père, Emile de Girardin, are four names that naturally occur to us; but the conceit of all four together would hardly make Victor Hugo's. We believe that he has never altered a word of his composition after it was once printed, and we are certain that he has never acknowledged himself wrong on any point whatever, even when his errors have been demonstrated to him.

This egregious conceit, viewed in its proper connection with other mental characteristics, gives us the key to his wildest extravagances. Thus it is plain, notwithstanding his affected parade of recondite knowledge, that he not only is not a learned man, but never was a *learning* man (if we may be pardoned the adjective), never had the faculty of acquisition in any great degree—for proof and illustration of which we refer to the notorious fact, that despite all his opportunities and predilections, he is to this day ignorant of our language, and cannot read a common business letter in English. Now, of course, we do not expect a man of genius to be also a very learned man. Perhaps, on the whole, we should rather expect the contrary. But there is nothing to prevent genius from profiting by other men's learning, as Goethe used to do when he milked the German professors. Here it is, however, that the conceit of a man like Hugo comes in to do mischief. He is too proud to consult others, fancies he knows everything by some inspiration, and goes on blundering and inventing with a grand impudence.

Yet through all these tremendous drawbacks we feel the power of his

\* "L'Année Terrible. Par Victor Hugo." Paris: Lévy Frères; New York: F. W. Christern. 1872.

genius. "L'Homme qui Rit" may be a huge chimæra, a nightmare in a Nomausland which has the audacity to call itself England; but the novel contains scenes (e. g., the recognition of Gwynplaine as Lord Clanchair by the sheriff) which are not surpassed in interest by any tableau that can be selected from the whole range of fictitious literature. The would-be philosopher and statesman may move our compassion by his inadequacy, but the lyric poet is one of the lyric poets of the world. Swinburne is no very safe critic in general, but he was right in mentioning three or four of Hugo's ballads as sufficient by themselves alone to make a great poetic reputation. Of these, "Le Chasseur Noir" (in "Les Châtiments") seems to us the *chef-d'œuvre*. It produces a great effect with simple means, a sure sign of genius. Even the gallop of "Lenore" is lumbering after the rapid fury of its short lines, all nouns and verbs. The refrain rhyme *noir* is one of the few adjectives; there is not a single adverb in the poem. Another ballad from "Les Châtiments" (the name of which Swinburne gives wrongly) is only a scrap of jingle, nearly all refrain, yet it bears the mark of a great man, like a pen-drawing by Raphael. "Gastibelza" is better known to the Anglo-Saxon public. It has been somewhat vulgarized as a parlor song, and *translated* by Maginn into a quaint formal ballad, very fair verse, but very bad translation.

The genius of French poetry (serious poetry) lies in its lyrics. French heroic at best is artificial and rhetorical. And pure French heroic unrelieved by the dramatic or the satiric element is very monotonous and cloying. Who ever felt any interest in "Les Contemplations"? Who remembers anything about them, except that some of the poems are elegiac? "La Légende des Siècles" was saved from a like fate by the bizarre and grotesque nature of its themes, which brought it nearer to the author's earlier dramas, though without their *quasi* humor.\* Even in it we find an occasional dash of lyric (like "La Chanson des Aventuriers") a great relief. "Les Châtiments" is chiefly lyrical; not a little of it is cast into the form of songs, and some of these are among the most effective poems in the little volume; for instance, that audacious lampoon, to the tune of "Malbrouk," which represents the consecration and coronation of Louis Napoleon as that of all the historic bandits incarnated and united in the last usurper:

"Regardez, le Saint Père,  
Portant sa grande croix,  
Nous sacre tous ensemble  
(O douleur ! O mystère, Paris tremble !)  
Nous sacre tous ensemble  
Dans Napoléon trois."

When, therefore, we took up "L'Année Terrible," with some English rumors of its excellence in our minds, we naturally expected some brilliant exhibitions of the poet's forte. We looked for some swift arrows of song,

"—feathered best for flight and yet that never flew,"

some epigrammatic darts that would smite Kaiser William through all his barriers, moral and physical. We hoped for some sadly sweet lays of lament over fallen France, for the *αἰώνιον ἔλεος* of Æschylus, reproduced and transmuted in the crucible of genius. And of all this we found nothing. The lyric element is hardly represented even in form; in spirit it is altogether absent. The nearest approach to it may be seen in the verses pp. 173 *sqq.* Even the invectives and execrations of the heroics are comparatively feeble. There is no hesitation about kicking the man who is down, no fear of defying the man who *is* up; but somehow the old *verve* and dash are no longer there in full force. A personality of Trochu's provokes a bad pun. Grim smiles, on different sides of the face, are elicited by the sight of Prussian corpses in the Seine, and the presentation of the Prussian bill for cutting your throat at so much a month; but the general impression conveyed is that of a lack of originality and power. Oddly enough, we come in for a large share of the abuse, considering our very small part in the action. Bancroft is like the obscene bird which defiles the head of the Colossus in the desert. Perhaps he deserved that for doing or saying something at Berlin. But Grant—we rather expected to hear him praised as the first potentate who acknowledged the new republic. It seems, however, that he has spit upon France and stabbed her and thrown mud on his own flag. How? Where? When? We suspect the poet himself would be puzzled to tell us. The very verse shows weakness; we are constantly stumbling upon lines like these,

"Conquérant pingre, on pense à son petit ménage"—p. 108;

"Ils sont le prêtre, ils sont le reître, ils sont le scribe"—p. 397—

\* The rudimentary traces of a great humorist in the young dramatic writer, and the total disappearance of the quality from his later works, form one of the strangest of the many paradoxes connected with Hugo. Here, again, we believe that his inordinate conceit affords the real key to the puzzle, but space and time are wanting to develop our views.

the latter of which reads like a prose sentence, and is as bad as the worst licenses of Tennyson.

To what shall we attribute this decadence? To the author's advanced age? Hardly. When the weight of years tells upon an eccentric genius, its effects are manifested not so much in a weakening of his power as in an exaggeration of his defects. Here "L'Homme qui Rit" is a case in point; and something of the same kind may be observed in Dickens, prematurely aged as to both body and mind by over-hard work and over-good living. The reason seems rather to be that the events of that truly "terrible year" have by their colossal magnitude subdued and broken down the writer, even without taking into account the additional burthen of his family affliction. "People will care very little for what we say," quoth wise Lincoln at Gettysburg, "but they will always care much for what these men did"; and the happy antithesis outweighed all Everett's classic reproduction of "Thucydides" and "Pericles." With at least equal truth may it be affirmed that what was done between those two Julys crushes into insignificance all that the most eloquent can say of it. Those events have made our poet almost modest; they have brought him nearer to that frame of mind than we could have supposed it possible for any combination of circumstances to do. In "Choix entre Deux Nations," he narrates, with no effort at detraction, the glories of the German race, and actually admits (wonderful condescension for a Frenchman!) that the Teutons have some claim to Charlemagne.

Perhaps another and a wider principle may also be in operation here. Christianity, political economy, various considerations, human and divine, are as yet unavailing to prevent war. Perhaps they will never be able to prevent it; but they have at any rate torn from it most of its fascinating attributes. In this respect we may perceive a kind of rough analogy between it and wine. We are probably a long way from the domination of temperance doctrines over the civilized world; but meanwhile the temperance movement has killed the poetry of drinking. When once the *latter Lyæus* was mixed up with police and medical reports, when it found itself in forced company with technical terms like *assimilation* and *narcosis*, it was unidealized for ever. The thing might still be necessary at some times, pleasant at others; but the *afflatus* was taken out of it. Similarly, however unavoidable, however profitable (to the winner) war may still be, its glories are sadly tarnished by statistics and figures. The funeral baked meats will obtrude themselves into the banqueting hall; the vision of an Alsatian Ireland clouds the triumph of the haughty Prussian. The hero will no longer fight for the mere sake of fighting; he can no more address his sword as his heart-gladdener and joy-giver, which, after being his favorite companion in life, shall follow him below the brown heath, shall rest on his bosom and with it decay, while harps shall be ringing and bards shall be singing the deeds they have done in their fearless old day. Hans Breitmann might have been a Viking once; now he is but a "bummer," thinking more of the tea-pots and spoons than of the rebel cavalry over whom he must ride before he can appropriate the silver. Nay, Kaiser William himself, for all his profuse piety, what is he but a Hans-Breitmann-Emperor with a large eye to the loot? Such is war in the light of modern philosophy to the victor. To the vanquished, what can it be but the abomination of desolation? Let us be thankful that Baudelaire has left no successor, and that no French Goya has arisen. We are spared those pen-and-pencil pictures of the charnel-house which were among the possible horrors of the position.

The reader must not infer from what we have said that "L'Année Terrible" is a complete failure, or even that it is not worth reading. It is below its author, but it takes a high place in contemporary verse. When we say that it is tame, we mean *for Hugo*; it would not be tame for Augier or Méry. There are good strong lines and couplets here and there in it, such as

"J'ai vaincu, quoique lâche, et brillé, quoique infame."

"Cet homme étant le crime, il était nécessaire  
Que tout le misérable eût toute la misère."

Let us moreover note that, if lacking somewhat of the old fire, it also lacks much of the old extravagance. Hugo does not, like some defenders of the Commune on our side of the water, view the overthrow of the Vendôme Column as a "great practical joke"; he regards it as an historic crime, and asks, reasonably enough, "If the victorious Prussians had commanded you to do this, would you have done it under any menace?" Nor is he savage against the Conservatives, unless, like Trochu and some of the clergy, they have come into personal collision with him. Perhaps this is the secret of the book's favorable reception in England. The mad genius has been partially converted to the proprieties, the old lion has let his claws be pared and his mane trimmed just a little. He is now more conformable to the drawing-room standard, but his ancient friends still prefer his primitive unkempt style.



## THE ANATOMY OF VERTEBRATES.\*

THE public, to whom, through the "Lay Sermons" and other semi-popular works, Prof. Huxley is known as an advocate of scientific education; as a railer against theological intolerance; as a believer in the monkey ancestry of mankind, and a scoffer at such trivial bolsters of humanity as the *hippocampus minor*; as the victor on many a hard-fought field of anatomy, where he has earned a reputation as an intellectual very "hard hitter"; and, finally, as an author whose works are eagerly read even when treating of unfamiliar subjects—all such will be disappointed if they look for the above features in the present work. For theology is wholly ignored in it; no allusion is made to the descent of men from monkeys; the *posterior horn* is mentioned like any other detail of structure, and not an obvious challenge to any one can be found. Indeed, so completely has our author merged the man in the anatomist that the descriptions wholly intelligible to the general reader cover scarce a dozen pages, and the characteristic Huxleyan similes are just two—one to a "nightcap," p. 107, the other to a "bird-lime," p. 288. To the professional man, whether student or teacher, who has lost his way in the maze of ponderous words and intricate paragraphs which renders Owen's great work upon the same subject often a hindrance rather than a help, the present little volume will come like sunlight in a cloudy sky: for logic, for simplicity of style, for the use of but one term for the same subject, and, above all, for the judicious employment of diagrams in illustration of ideas, it deserves very high praise.

Yet a few criticisms must be made, and they shall precede the detailed encomiums. As stated in the preface, the author has "intentionally abstained from burdening the text with references"; but while beginners may safely accept most of the statements, and the more advanced may supply the deficiencies themselves, the omission seems to us unwarranted by the reason given, especially now that references are often made by numbers only to a list of works at the end of the volume; moreover, the general absence of reference makes the special and complimentary mention of the works of Darwin and Flower (336, 358, 388) appear invidious. Another defect is a glossary of technical terms, the number and nature of which are simply appalling to the general reader, since they are not found in the lexicons, and require some knowledge of the classics for their comprehension. Surely *atrial*, *hypural*, *perivisceral*, and *appendicular* require some definition; and a glossary is the proper place for such long and often superfluous definitions as are given in the text of *inguinal*, *cloaca*, *calcar*, *patagium*, *procalous*, and *thalamencephalon*. A few of the new terms also manifest little of our author's characteristic simplicity; as, for instance, those proposed in the classification of birds. It is bad enough to be told that birds are only "saur-opsidan vertebrates," just as are turtles and alligators; but we shrink from calling a hen an "*alektoromorph*," or a pigeon a "*peristeromorph*," both being "*schizognathous carinata*." Indeed, aside from the artificial nature of a classification based chiefly upon the modifications of a few cranial bones, it is probable that the formidable names of the groups may account for the tardy introduction of the new arrangement of birds, which has been before the scientific public for several years. The characters of the provinces *Ichthyopsida*, *Sauropsida*, and *Mammalia* could have been abridged and made more intelligible by a tabular presentation in parallel columns; indeed, owing in great measure to faulty typographical arrangements, the group-characters generally are rather confusing, and the beginner would often be in doubt as to the group to which a given definition referred. There is plenty of room, too, and urgent need, for the addition of names of familiar representatives of all the groups, as is done with those of the birds.

Coming now to details, we think that Owen could as justly find fault with our author's *placental* arrangement of mammals as Huxley has so often with Owen's *cerebral* classification; for the elephant is now closely followed by the cat and dog, and the bats are next to the monkeys. We are glad that our author regards the present arrangement as provisional, for it now seems to us to contain features as unnatural as would be the separation of the *Camelidae* from all other mammals on the ground of their oval blood-disks; while Owen's system, though far from satisfactory, coincides closely with that of Dana, based upon wholly different considerations, and Gill seems to have improved in some respects on both of these. We think, too, that he who so decidedly objects (p. 92) to calling an "air-bladder" a lung, because its "blood comes from adjacent arteries instead of directly from the heart," should avoid giving the name *placenta* to the vascular communication between the foetal shark and the parent (p. 120).

Of the 110 illustrations, about two-thirds are original; and of these the diagrams, especially those of the typical brain (figs. 19, 20) and of the

Wolffian bodies, etc. (fig. 27), are of great value. Most of the borrowed figures are judiciously selected, but the cat's skeleton would be more useful as a type of *Carnivora* than the lion's, as would the same convenient feline's myology be more available than the dog's. It is generally agreed that the heads of animals should face to the left, but *Axolotl* (fig. 58), elephant (fig. 108), monkey (fig. 110), and *Lepidosiren* (fig. 51), face to the right, while in fig. 69, the entire skull of *Cyclodus* looks one way and the bisected skull the other; the horse's legs, also (fig. 94), are oddly placed, but there may have been a sufficient reason for that. The pike's brain (fig. 50) is copied from some figure which did not well show the olfactory lobes; and our author is inexcusably misled into speaking of the lobes or nerves, which is like calling the same part leg or foot. A cerebellum is credited to all the *Marsipobranchii*, whereas the same author (Müller) from whom the lamprey's brain is copied states that *Myxine* has no cerebellum. The brain of *Lepidosiren* is not mentioned, although four pages are given to the other characters upon which our author bases his opinion that the *Dipnoi* form a different order of fishes; and the omission is so notable that one reluctantly associates it with the fact that the only account of that brain is by Owen; the rather since, in the treating of the mammalian brain, no reference is made to the valuable and suggestive, though not wholly satisfactory, labors of the same anatomist towards homologizing the folds and fissures, which simple terms, by the way, our author inconsistently discards for *gyri* and *sulci*. The *Sireon* is spoken of as the adult *Axolotl*, though it is now several years since Marsh and others observed and recorded its transformation into *Amblystoma*.

The index is apparently full, but really very incomplete: on the first half-dozen pages of chap. viii. we note as omitted therefrom the words *inter-clavicle*, *marsupium*, *spur* (of ornithorhynchus) *acetabula* and *allantois*. Typographical errors are few; but the American editor seems not to know the distinction between *anti* and *ante*, for while the erroneous orthography *anti-brachium* occurs but once or twice in the English edition, it is very frequent in the American. This word moves us to express the hope that the general employment of *manus*, *pes*, *brachium*, etc., may lead to the expurgation of such verbal plagues as *leg*, *forearm*, etc., from our anatomical nomenclature, which, while it contains them, is as incongruous as was zoological nomenclature prior to Linnæus.

So much for unfavorable criticism; it may seem considerable, but then it is all, excepting a few points the discussion of which would lead us too far into technicalities. But while approving all its other features, a few deserve especial mention. The title calls for only the *anatomy* of vertebrate animals (*vertebrates* is a shorter and equally correct term), but might justly have included *embryology*, so intimately are the results of the latest researches into development interwoven with the details of adult structure. The initial page bears evidence of this—the feature of all others which makes the present work unlike that of Owen, and able to supply a want which the latter really creates. A physiology the work is not and does not pretend to be; still, a few functions are described more clearly here than elsewhere, as, for instance, the mechanism of respiration (p. 93), of rumination (p. 324), and of "spouting" of whales (p. 348). The locomotion of the anthropoid apes is well described on p. 403, and doubtless the general reader will turn at once to this closing chapter for some signs of the author's views upon derivation (we do not say Darwinism, which is but a single species of derivative theory); but the only positive assertion upon this point is with reference to the remote ancestors of the horse. Still, the prurient hunters of irreligious passages will find enough to occupy their theological spleen in the "odious comparison" between old apes and infants, and in the locating of the human family (*Anthropidae*) with the *Lemuridae* and *Simiidae* in the same order, *Primates*. And perhaps those who hold that slavery is sanctioned by the same Divine Word in which they contrive to find proof that man sprang out of the earth rather than from the animal form next below, may be dissatisfied with the explicit assertion that "there is no proof that the heel of negroes is longer in proportion to the foot than in other races" (p. 419). If the advocates of "woman's rights" are inclined to find fault with the statement that "when the peculiarities of the female sex are not connected with reproduction, they may be said to be infantile" (p. 418), let them read "Emancipation, Black and White," in the "Lay Sermons." But we fear that even those who fail to be startled by the above quotation will be somewhat taken aback by the opinion (p. 421)—one of the few individual opinions, by the way, which our author allows himself to express—that the "ancient Egyptians seem to me to be modifications of the Australoid group." Though, after all, what does it matter? Our own not very remote ancestors may have been "cave-dwellers," and the above theory will be a great encouragement to Digger Indians, Hottentots, and others, who have not yet taken their first steps towards civilization.

But our space is more than filled. The present work is well worth the

\* "A Manual of the Anatomy of Vertebrate Animals. By Thomas H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872. Pp. 431; 110 illustrations.

cost to any thinking man; to the student it is a perfect mine of well-arranged information; to the teacher it is the best guide for lecture-room instruction that is known to us in this or any other language.

*Le Dernier des Napoléon.* (Paris: Librairie Internationale. New York: F. W. Christern. 1872.)—This is a remarkable book. Its key-note is struck in the dedication: "To his Majesty, Maximilian the First, Emperor of Mexico. Sire—This day seven years ago, seated alone with you on the terrace of Miramar, I strove with the despair of sinister forebodings to dissuade you from accepting the crown of Guatimozin, basing my strongest arguments on the bad character of Louis Napoleon. . . . I now lay upon your tomb this book which, for a moment, I thought of entitling 'The Justice of God.'" Published anonymously, the work was at first attributed to the pen of Comte de Kératry, but public opinion in Europe has more generally settled upon Count von Beust as its author. There is much in it, both of sentiment and diction, to confirm that supposition. Be the author who he may, he writes admirable French in a style at once compressed and incisive. His first chapter opens thus:

"The cycle of the Napoleons is closed. Their legend, like unto all things which terminate dishonorably, will henceforth grow feebler day by day, between the contempt of the French people and the severities of history. For long time to come, the man of thought will pause before that strange apparition, unique, perhaps, in the annals of nations; a passing meteor, dazzling the world with its rays—Marengo, the Pyramids, Austerlitz, Jena, Moscow—to fall in the blood of Waterloo and be extinguished in the night of Sedan!"

Here follows a sketch of the Napoleonic family, in whose appearance and rôle in the history of France may be seen the incarnation of a new phase of the revolution. The first Napoleon was its child; so also was the third Napoleon—but a miserable, degenerate one. After Napoleon the Great, Napoleon the Little. The third and fourth chapters give us a frightful *chronique scandaleuse*—not in the vein of gossip, but in a tone that reminds one of Tacitus. The youth, character, and early career of Louis Napoleon are rapidly sketched, and another chapter paints for us "The Court of the Lower Empire," where we plainly discern the worst elements of moral and political dissolution actively at work under a brilliant exterior of power and repose. Even when his influence was at its height, Louis Napoleon was always the conspirator, never the statesman. The straight paths of frank negotiation he never entered. Said Cavour one day, walking arm-in-arm with a French diplomatist:

"Your Emperor never changes; his weakness is to be always conspiring. Why so persistently seek to disguise his intention—turn to the right when he means to go to the left, and *vice versa*? Ah! what an admirable conspirator! Your Emperor, I tell you, will remain for ever incorrigible. I know him well. At this moment he might openly march forward straight to his object. But, no! He prefers to puzzle people, to follow another track; in fine, conspire, always conspire."

A singular illustration of this mania of Louis Napoleon is given in an incident which we might hesitate to credit, but that we find it confirmed in all its details by a French diplomatist, whose work was noticed in the *Nation* of May 23, and who was on official duty at Turin when it occurred. M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, Louis Napoleon's envoy to Victor Emanuel, received from his government an official despatch to the effect that he was "instructed" to warn Count Cavour that any attempt at annexation in Central Italy would be looked upon as an infraction of treaties, and that it was at his own risk and peril, and in contempt of the advice of the French Government, that the king of Sardinia threw himself into enterprises whose result might be fatal to him." The French Ambassador felt that his mission was both delicate and difficult, and prepared himself for it with no little care. Cavour listened in silence to the severe and menacing despatch, and, when the French minister had finished, he coolly handed him, for his edification, a letter from the Tuilleries of the same date as the despatch, in which M. Mocquard assured him confidentially, and by the Emperor's order, that his projects of annexation were favorably viewed, and that he need give himself no anxiety as to any possible complications that might grow out from them. It was the frequency of such incidents as these that gave rise to the famous saying of Lord Cowley, in answer to the question, "Does the Emperor converse well?" "He talks but little, but he lies all the time." But Louis Napoleon's confidential qualifications of official instructions did not always jump with Victor Emanuel's interests. On one occasion he wrote privately, seeking to recall certain promises previously made. Victor Emanuel was furiously angry, but at a ball in the royal palace on the same evening, taking aside the French minister, he used the most grossly insulting language concerning the French Emperor. "What is he, after all—*cet homme, ce b—*? An intruder among us. Let him remember who he is and who I am." The unfortunate minister, with commendable prudence and presence of mind, replied: "Sire, your Majesty will kindly permit me not to have heard a single word of what you have just uttered." Later in the evening, Victor Emanuel

accosted him pleasantly, saying: "It is not absolutely necessary, my dear Prince, to report to Paris our conversation of this evening. Besides, I think you said you did not hear my remarks."

Some interesting facts are developed touching the effective aid given by England to further the annexation schemes of Sardinia. Sir James Hudson was then British Ambassador at the Court of Turin, and his house was the rendezvous and the asylum of the associates of Mazzini and Garibaldi, Mazzini himself among them. Said an English secretary of legation one day to a friend at Turin: "I have just been dining with Sir James, we were twelve at table, and, with the exception of us two, the guests were all *galériens* and men condemned to death. It made me shudder to look at the fellows." The somewhat unscrupulous conduct of England in pushing forward Piedmont's acquisitive designs on the States of the Church is thus characterized by the author: "England recognizes all and any government. She would recognize Robespierre if it would secure her the sale of one more bale of cotton" (p. 119). The sketches of Cavour, Bismarck, and the diplomats of the Empire, the chapter on King William and the Prussian hegemony, and the revelations touching the secret moves on the diplomatic chess-board which influenced the origin and developments of the Crimean, Mexican, and German wars, are evidently from one who is well informed concerning the most intimate motives and projects of the different European courts.

*Fireside Science.* A Series of Popular Scientific Essays upon Subjects connected with Everyday Life. By James R. Nichols, A.M., M.D. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.)—If any one can read the short essays which make up this collection, and fail to find anything to interest him, it can be neither from lack of variety in the subjects, nor from an unentertaining, unpopular treatment of them. History, biography, organic and inorganic chemistry, physiology, geology, botany, agriculture—all furnish "subjects connected with everyday life," and concerning each may be found something readable and entertaining. It is to be regretted that what is entertaining is not always instructive, and that the author is not in every case trustworthy. No one, for example, who read the "Pint of Kerosene," without previous knowledge of the subject, would suppose that the volatile hydrocarbon oils obtained from the distillation of coal-tar and of our American petroleum are essentially different and distinct. The various products obtained from each are described together, and the only hint that we have of any difference is that "benzole from petroleum" cannot be used for making the aniline dyes. In a popular book like this, we can hardly hope to have much detail of experimental proof, and yet mere dogmatic assertion without support of some sort cannot be convincing. When, during his "Experiments with Air-furnaces," the author assures us that "at no time were carbonic acid and carbonic oxide absent from the library heated by the furnaces," and that "sulphurous acid was present whenever a new supply of fuel was added to the fire," we cannot help wishing to know something of the method in which his conclusive experiments were conducted, especially if we happen already to know something of the character and habits of his unwelcome visitors. Perhaps we are made overcautions in accepting these unsupported assertions by the closing sentences of the preceding essay "About Quicksilver." We are there told of the mysterious disappearance of a pair of gold spectacles. They were laid away for the night, wrapped up in a bit of chamois skin, which had been used for straining mercury. The next morning, the gold had disappeared, and nothing was left in the parcel but the glasses. This story is a presentation of the phenomenon of amalgamation, and is forcible, to say the least.

More serious criticism is invited by the author's feeble warning against the poisonous effects of lead. In the essay upon "The Human Hair," it is true, we are told that the frequent use of hair-dyes containing lead is attended with great danger, and yet two recipes are given for making the poisonous dyes, together with full directions for their use. Then again, the use of leaden water-pipe meets with but a qualified condemnation, and we are advised to protect ourselves by frequent analyses of the water which passes through the pipe. Of how much use will the caution against lead-pipe be, when on the same page follows the surprising assertion that "as service pipes for aqueducts lead pipes will under ordinary conditions deliver water free from lead contamination," and again that "in a majority of wells lead conducting-pipe can be used with safety"? It is very true that lead pipe is almost universally used in our great cities, and that well-marked cases of poisoning by lead are rare, and yet repeated analyses have shown that water passing through lead-pipe seldom escapes contamination, and the opinion of those who have most carefully investigated the matter is that a daily dose of lead cannot fail to be injurious, even though the ill effects may not manifest themselves in what has hitherto been considered a characteristic form. The essay entitled "Reminiscences of an Experimenter" is in very poor taste, to say the least, and the reader had much better form his judgment of the author's merits without reading it.



